

MACLEAN'S

SEPTEMBER 15 1953 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

INTERNATIONAL TUNA TOURNAMENT, WEDGEPORT, N.S.

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"It seems to me an engineer should know what he's talking about when it comes to sizing up a car. So the other day when I was talking hunting plans with George MacDonald I told him I was in the market for a new car and asked him what he thought. He said he drove a Monarch—because he recognized really fine engineering when he saw it. Well, that's how I come to be driving a Monarch now. And a little extra cost I was able to get power steering, power brakes, power seat and automatic transmission. And believe me, I'm sold on Monarch's effort-saving, pure-pleasure set! And the power you get from Monarch's V-8 engine—you have to feel for yourself before you can believe how smooth and lively it is. Of course, this is the best looking, car I've ever driven—but I don't need to tell you that. The admiring glances it gets from everyone who sees it tell that story better than any words.

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POWER STEERING* — With [illegible] steering is so easy [illegible] effortless. Even in traffic or parking [illegible] the wheel responds to a touch. The Ford [illegible] needs [illegible] "driving feel" that's so [illegible] control.

POWER BRAKES* — Sales [illegible] test [illegible] says Ford [illegible] best [illegible] Taking [illegible] test [illegible] does [illegible] he said. You [illegible] brakes [illegible] and [illegible] road [illegible] [illegible] safety with [illegible] effort.

POWER SEAT* — Everyone who buys a Monarch will [illegible] [illegible] be [illegible] glad [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you're [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] You [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] you [illegible].

AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION* — Say it all — to heed-lifting ease! [illegible] [illegible] such Monarch [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the thrill of utterly relaxed and effortless driving.

(*Optional at Extra Cost)

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(After all, that's one of the big reasons you worked so hard *last* year)

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EDITORIAL

BUT KOREA WAS A VICTORY

THE KOREAN WAR ended as was proper, without cheers. Whatever their other convictions, most people have come to recognize that any war, even a "necessary" war, is a cause for shame. It is also a cause for shame, although a rational man may sometimes argue that his own side has been ennobled in a war, he can never forget that humanity itself has been disgraced.

These normal and, in fact, healthy attitudes toward the Korean war have encouraged a third attitude which, while it may be normal is far from healthy. This is the feeling of chagrin that resulted from our failure to achieve a complete and unlimited victory. Because it did not end in the destruction of the North Korean aggressors and the rout of their Chinese Communist allies, the view is largely held that the war across the 38th parallel was fought in vain. Because we did not stay long enough or march far enough to crush the last physical vestige of Communism in Korea—as it seems possible we might have been able to do—our sacrifices there must be counted an almost total waste.

Many Americans are saying that this is the first war they have lost. There are two fallacies here. The Korean war was not lost, and if it was it was not the first. In 1812 the U. S. and Canada fought a war which, like the Korean conflict, was not decisive. If the U. S. had won it, we would all be Americans today, just as the South Koreans would all be Communists today if the North Koreans and the Chinese had won their war.

But the fact that we are not Americans does not mean that the Canadians won the war of 1812. In the military sense nobody won it. No territory changed hands. Nothing was accomplished. The status quo was maintained. Herein the real issue of the war of 1812 is contained as it is in Korea. For after three years of figurative grubbing in the foxholes of that beleaguered peninsula we have tended to lose sight of our original aim there. The United Nations fought the Korean war to maintain the status quo in Korea. The UN fought to drive the invader back beyond the invisible parallel which he had crossed. In doing so we hoped to contain him behind other invisible lines the world over, and in this we believe the UN may have achieved more than anyone yet realizes.

To destroy Communism by military means without at the same time destroying the world is an undertaking beyond reasonable hope of success. The only hope of defeating Communism short of Armageddon, is to persuade the Communists that they cannot destroy us without paying the same price to contain them long enough for the lesson to sink in, and finally to trust that their poison will breed its own antidote.

Already there is evidence that this antidote is taking effect in the riots in East Germany and Czechoslovakia, perhaps within the uneasy walls of the Kremlin itself. Time, at last, is on our side if we will only give it time. Perhaps before time has a chance to complete its work there will be other Koreas, equally costly and frustrating. If the West can meet them with the same blend of purpose and patience that carried it through Korea the prospect of a lasting and acceptable solution to the larger struggle will not have been diminished but increased.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

READERS OF Maclean's need little further introduction to **W. O. Mitchell**, whose fine novel The Alien we are proud to present with the first of our continuing Novel Awards. Mitchell's short stories have been appearing in this magazine for years and he himself is a former fiction editor. We once went to dinner at Mitchell's place in Toronto and it was an unforgettable experience. Mitchell himself hadn't arrived (and didn't until 10 p.m.) as he had taken



W. O. McEell



McNamee

his wife to the doctor's at five and forgotten where he'd left her. When we arrived his house was on fire. A fellow guest received about the same time but didn't seem at all perturbed. He knew Mitchell better than we did and simply remarked that things seemed about normal. We ate dinner about 11 but in the middle of it all the lights went out. This is we gather, what makes great novelists. Once again we have a strange story by **James McNamee** who lives in New Westminster (Give this Bride A Kiss George, page 16). McNamee is one of several new Canadian fiction writers whom we are introducing to Maclean's readers, largely as a result of our fiction contest held last year. You'll see more of his work.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. 66 — SEPTEMBER 15, 1953 — No. 18

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Articles

THE MAN OF MARGARET'S CHOICE — McKenzie Porter — 10
THE MAGNIFICENT HUNTING GROUND — Don Delaplante — 14
SHOULD WE PUT FLUORINES IN OUR WATER? — Dorothy Goodeve — 18
THE BIGGEST KITCHEN GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY — Marjorie Wilkins Campbell — 19
WOMEN ARE LOUSY SHOEFEERS — Sidney Margolius — 28
HOW BELL INVENTED THE TELEPHONE — A Maclean's Flashback — David MacDonald — 32
A FARMER'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS DOG — Robert Thomas Allen — 24
HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BANKER — Ken Johnstone — 26
WHAT MAKES CLARK OF THE ARGOS TICK? — John Keats — 28
CIVIC SITUATIONS — Paul Stelan — 71

Maclean's Award Novel

THE ALIEN — Chapter One — W. O. Mitchell — 7

Short Story

GIVE THE BRIDE A KISS, GEORGE. — James McNamee — 16

Departments

LONDON LETTER — Beverley Baxter — 4
BACKSLAUGHTER IN EGYPT — Blair Fraser — 5
MACLEAN'S MOVIES. — Conducted by Clyde Gilmour — 30
MACLEAN'S HIDE AND SEEK No. 13 — 38
MAILBAG — 88
CANADIANECDOTE — Patriotic Nuisance — 84
PARADE — 96

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

By—Ken Bell [Pages 2, 20]; Maurice Burton [2]; Allen [4, 10]; Wide World [10, 11, 12, 13]; Akhbar El Yom [12]; Don Baldpiate [14, 15]; Eaedo [18]; H. W. Tallow [19]; National Geographic Society [22, 23]; Bell Telephone Company of Canada [32]; Gilbert Guglielmo [22]; Marcel Roy [24, 25]; Peter Croydon [26, 27].

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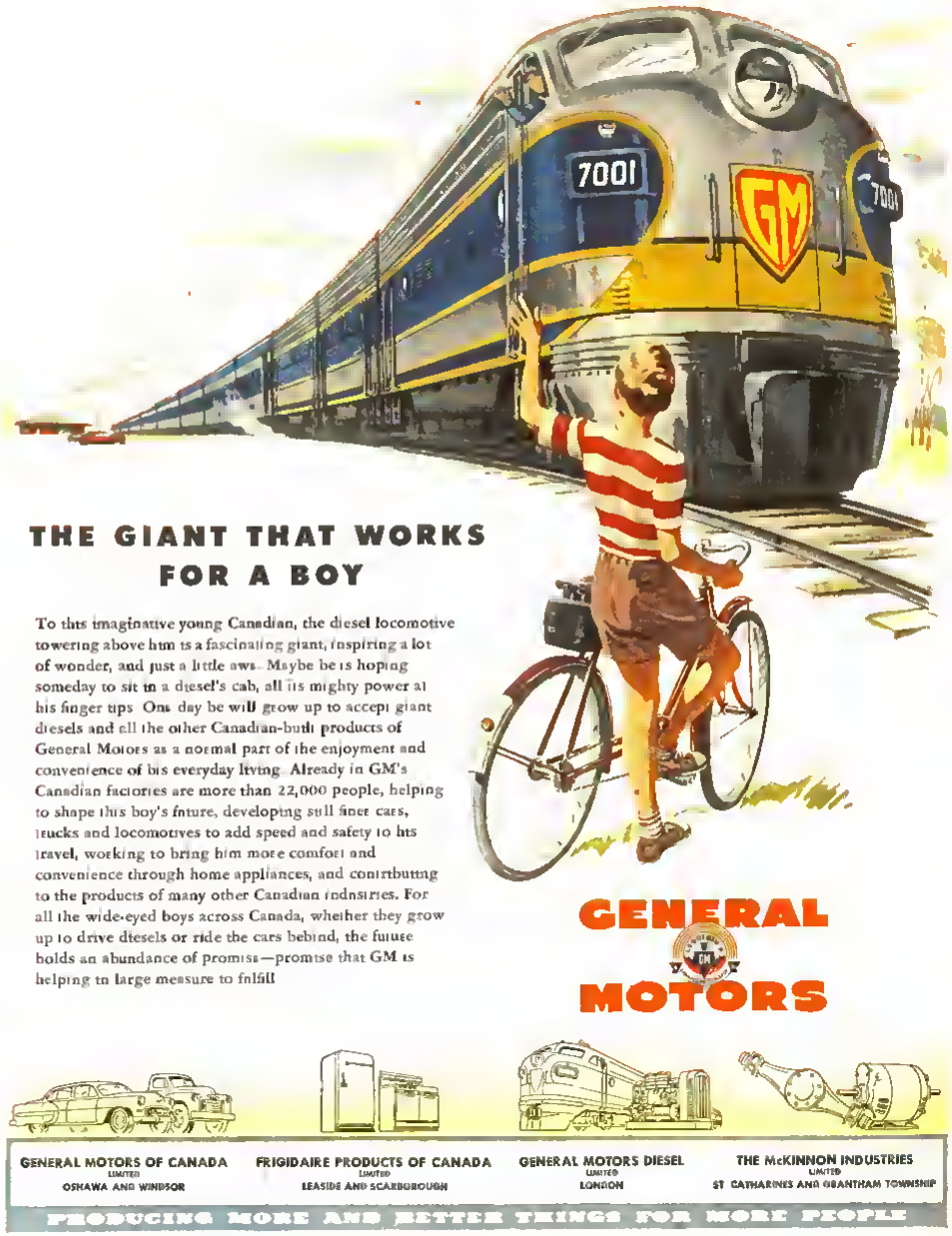
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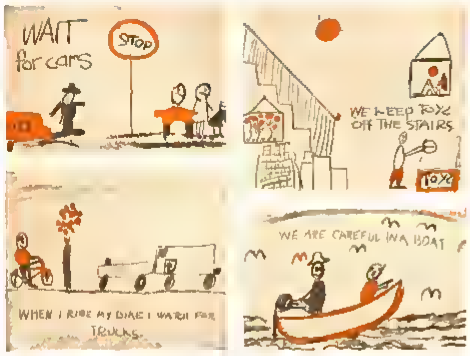
THE GIANT THAT WORKS FOR A BOY

To this imaginative young Canadian, the diesel locomotive towering above him is a fascinating giant, inspiring a lot of wonder, and just a little awe. Maybe he is hoping someday to sit in a diesel's cab, all its mighty power at his finger tips. One day he will grow up to accept giant diesels and all the other Canadian-built products of General Motors as a normal part of the enjoyment and convenience of his everyday living. Already in GM's Canadian factories are more than 22,000 people, helping to shape this boy's future, developing still finer cars, trucks and locomotives to add speed and safety to his travel, working to bring him more comfort and convenience through home appliances, and contributing to the products of many other Canadian industries. For all the wide-eyed boys across Canada, whether they grow up to drive diesels or ride the cars behind, the future holds an abundance of promise—promise that GM is helping to large measure to fulfill.

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PRODUCING MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE



They're never too young to learn SAFETY

After school opens this fall many classrooms will be decorated with pictures like these shown above. All of these pictures were actually drawn by children in the first grade.

These simple sketches show that even very young children can grasp the importance of safety and can apply its rules in their daily lives. In fact our greatest hope of reducing the high toll of childhood accidents — on streets and highways, in homes, and elsewhere — depends largely on helping young children to develop the attitudes and skills necessary for their safety now and in the future.

The vital importance of the problem of childhood accidents is clearly emphasized by the record:

Accidents kill annually about 2,000 children under age 15 in Canada. In addition, hundreds of thousands of children are temporarily or permanently injured by accidents every year.

When children return to school, they will be exposed to an increased number of potential accident situations. This raises the question: is there anything you can do to help save children from accidental injuries or loss of life? Indeed there is. You can put more stress than ever on habits of safe conduct.

All children — especially those just entering school — should be warned to take safety precautions in the streets. They should learn to mass only at crossings, to obey traffic lights, to look both ways before stepping into the street and to face traffic if they have to walk on a road.

If a child rides his bicycle to school he should know and obey such rules as keeping to the right, riding single file and signalling for turns. Moreover, it is wise for parents to make sure that the bicycle has good brakes, a warning bell, a tail light and a rear reflector.

Children may also be helped to avoid accidents if parents themselves set a good example by consistently practicing habits of safety in the home and elsewhere. Now is a good time to teach children that the safe way of doing things is really the best way. You can do this, for example, by checking your home and removing possible accident hazards. Among other things, guns, ammunition and poisons should be locked up.

If despite your protection and training, your child has repeated accidents it would be wise to consult your family doctor. Sometimes accidents may be caused by physical or emotional conditions which he can help correct.

Remember that most accidents do not just happen. Some authorities estimate that 90 percent or more of them are preventable. So make your child safety minded as he enters or returns to school. You may save him needless injury — and spare yourself some anxious moments.

Metropolitan's new booklet, "A Formula for Child Safety," tells how parents — by understanding their child's behaviour at various stages of growth — can anticipate and forestall many accidents. Use the handy coupon for your free copy.



London Letter



BY *Beverley Baxter*

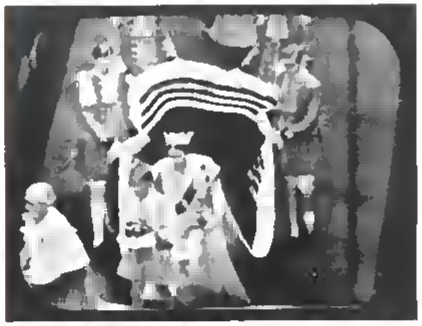
TV's Battle of Britain

YOU MIGHT think that the British people spend their time talking about the vagaries of Russian policy, the result of the Canadian election, the successorship to Churchill or even the weather which sometimes gives us all four seasons in a day. Admittedly these topics are on the conversational menu but they are not more than *hors d'oeuvres* to the main dish.

Television, television, television. That is what is severing friendships, breaking up families, splitting political parties and inflaming the Church. What are we going to do with this new monster? Above all, are we to allow commercialism to set hands upon it?

Just for a moment I want to do a flashback. It was the year 1935 when you in Canada were busy throwing out R. B. Bennett and ushering in a thousand years of liberal government. For reasons that do not matter I had temporarily abandoned British journalism and joined the vast Gainsborough British Picture Corporation.

Somewhere knocking about in the corporation was a big handsome blond Scot named John Baird who had invented a device which he called Baird-vision. Isadore Ostrer, the dreamy president of Gainsborough-British, had helped finance it, but as we were too busy making films to bother much about Baird. At any rate he was an inventor and was automatically looked upon as being half mad.



The BBC's announcement of TV coverage of the Coronation was many hours in United States telecasts mouthwash and toothpaste advertisements were dubbed in.

Then one day in desperation Baird went to the chairman of a city company that was about to hold its annual shareholders' meeting. "How would you like to address them from thirty miles away?" asked Baird. "They could see you and hear you perfectly."

The chairman looked delighted. No doubt the prospect of company chairmen addressing stockholders at a safe distance appealed to him. Baird suggested that I should go to the meeting and then tell him what happened.

The result was both novel and intriguing. We studied the chairman's face and we heard his voice better than if he had been on the platform. One or two newspapers gave it a paragraph and no one bothered much. Baird, the dreamer, walked the weary road of frustration once more. It is a strange story. He died a poor man. Yet Britain had this invention in her grasp long before any other country.

My first impact with television as an established source of entertainment was on a visit to America after the Hitler war. America had gone television mad and Hollywood was trembling like a leaf in a gale. I asked a New York friend who had a set what effect it had had upon his family.

"Quite a lot," he answered. "The children won't go to bed, my wife is going blind and my dog has been to see a psychiatrist. It was not the first time that caricature has had a basis of truth.

In subsequent visits I watched the growth of this cult and have sat for hours studying it. I even went on television with two editors but it was at eleven thirty at night.

Continued on page 76



BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE IN EGYPT

Things Look Better In The New Republic

YOU can tell there's been a big change for the better in Egypt the moment you set foot on Cairo's International Airport.

In 1950, when it was still called Farouk Airport, after the ex-king, passengers were not allowed to leave their seats until an Egyptian Army officer had come aboard. He then herded us off the aircraft in a closely supervised bunch and led us in to run a gantlet of officials.

It took an hour and a half. We showed our passports to six different people, all surly and all slow. Then after our baggage had been gone through by one or more customs men it was examined again by the censor, a little man in a blue shirt who seemed hardly able to read English but whose job it was to keep out of the country all publications (such as Time and Life magazines) which made unflattering remarks about the playboy king.

This time we showed our passports to two officials, our bags to one customs man, and we met no censor at all. (The man in front of me had a copy of Time sticking out of his pocket.) No army officer met us.

The only people at the foot of the ramp were the beaming parents of two little girls coming home from school. The two little girls who of course were at the head of the queue for immigration and customs, were through and on their way home in about ten minutes. The rest of us were through and in the airport bus within half an hour of the time we landed.

Even more impressive than the change in pace was the change in temper. In 1950 they made you feel an enemy, an object of suspicion, by the time you left the airport you'd already acquired a lively dislike of this country which was confirmed next day by conversations with people who live there.

This time the altitude was just the opposite — quiet and friendly. It wasn't special treatment, either. I was in Egypt as a guest of the new Republic of Egypt, along with eighty other journalists from a dozen countries. But I got there a day ahead of the main party and nobody at the airport knew I was there to report on the new regime of President Mohammed Naguib. I was just one in a queue of twenty or thirty regular passengers and we all got the same routine.

Moreover, this traveler's impression was confirmed by the people who live in Cairo, just as the unfavorable ones had been in 1950. They all say the change has been almost incredible.

"This time last year I didn't dare let my wife go shopping alone," an American importer said. "I didn't go out myself any more than I could help because in a walk of half a mile you could expect to be insulted twice, and you'd be lucky if you weren't spat on. Now all that has disappeared. I go away to Beirut or Damascus and leave my wife and children here alone and never have a moment's worry."

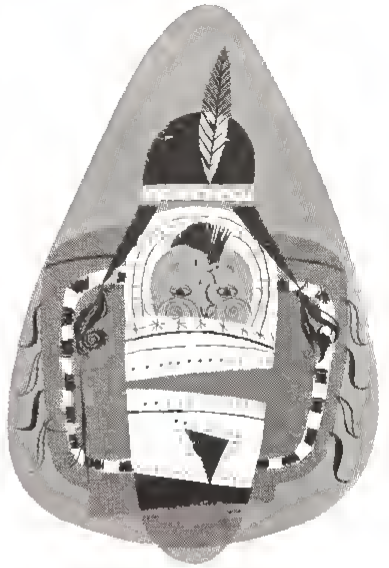
I had a chance to test this change myself. Two or three days after I arrived. In 1950 even a day in Cairo was enough to make you aware of the atmosphere of hatred — hatred for the foreigner, hatred for their own rich.

Continued on page 95



Cartoon by Geoffrick

Naguib seems to have banished anti-foreign feeling along with Farouk.



is this COMMUTING?

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COMMUTING: Substituting one form of payment for another. (A term commonly used in settlement of successive duties.)

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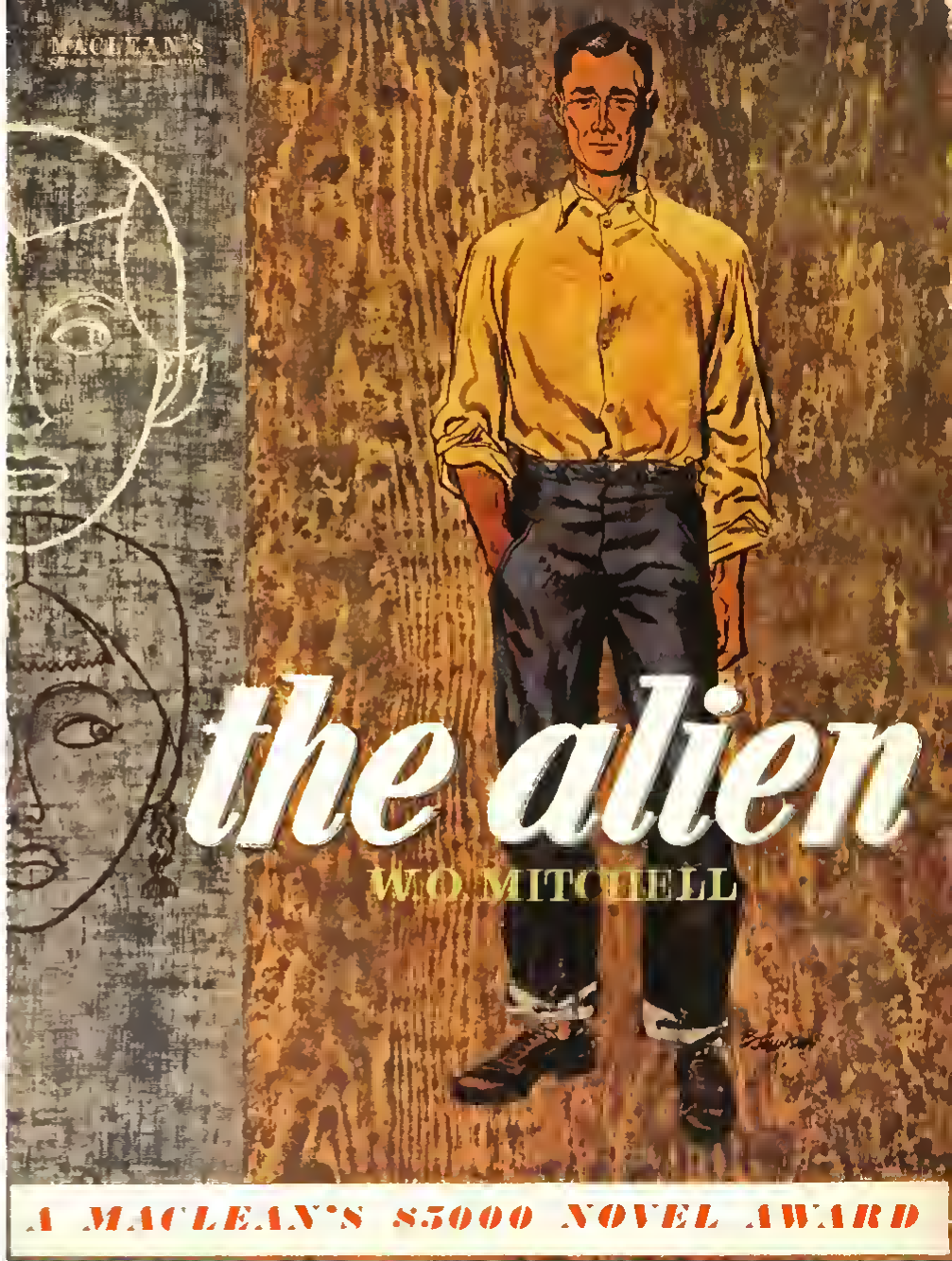
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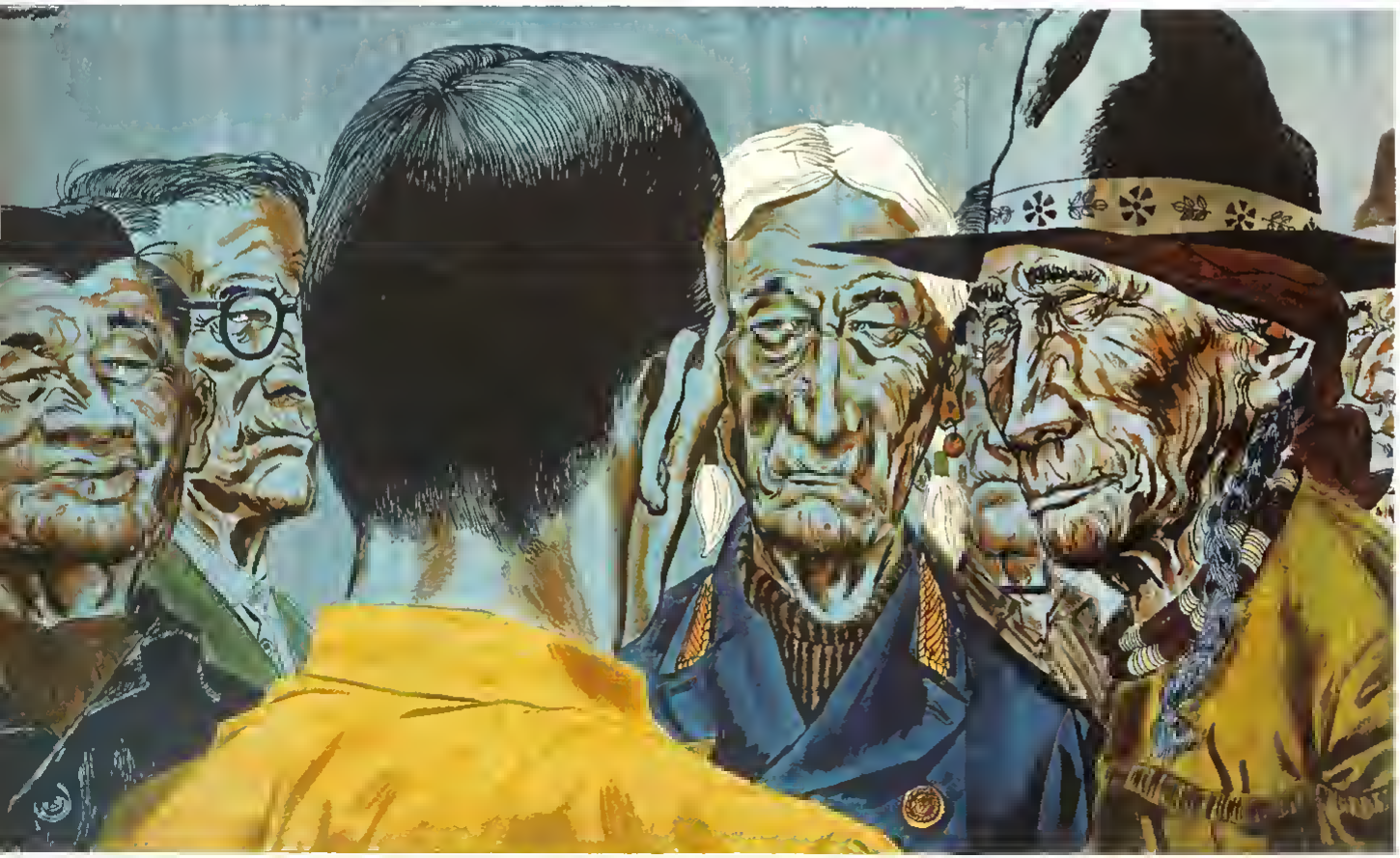
the alien

CHAPTER ONE

The Pilgrimage into Paradise

Beginning the story of Carlyle Sinclair, a man of two worlds who had security in neither, and of the women from each of those worlds whose claims tormented him

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON



Carlyle saw in the seamed, timeless faces of the old men something of the submerged forces which were shaping his own destiny

THEIR POSSESSIONS had gone ahead of them. The chesterfield suite swathed in building paper, the dishes that Grace had meticulously wrapped in newspaper and bedded in the barrel of excelsior, the trunks of clothing, the chest of drawers packed with bedding. They had sold the living room tri-light and the table lamps, the iron and the vacuum cleaner had traded the electric washer on a gasoline-motored machine. All had been loaded in Red Clayton's truck from which he had removed the racks.

Have to go Wednesday,' he'd warned them. "Can't take off the racks for just this load, because I haul pigs an' stock before Wednesday an' by Thursday I got to have the gravel box up."

Waiting, Grace had looked to the first range bar to the west, hazed and devoid of detail, hardly distinguishable from a cloud bank heading itself steady on the horizon. The old pangs of panic returned to her and she had to tell herself that it was just the strangeness and unfamiliarity that lay ahead. As they took their places in the car she glanced across their son. Hugh to the boy's father, dark as his son was fair, both had the same drawn features, high lifting cheeks—spare, ascetic and fine.

As always it was impossible to tell from his face what he was feeling or thinking. The small pang grew more intense and she looked away and out to the imperceptible swells of the beginning foothills where braskel-fat Herefords, knee-deep in grass, lifted their white faces to stare and calves tossed their heads to go rocking off with tails high.

If it would only work out for them. It would! Oh, it would!

Perhaps there would be some magic in this new place and the new work to relax him and release him from the tension that had just achieved its unfortunate climax of anger and mortification. Again and again she had told herself that they were not leaving town in flight. It was not escape she asked for. After eight years of marriage she knew well enough that there could be no escape for him. She knew that Carlyle retained none of his first bitterness for the townspeople, not even toward Rory Napoleon, who could claim most of the responsibility for the harm that had been done. Poor Rory, staggering over to Carlyle's table in the beer parlor, the primitive anaesthesia of two dozen glasses of beer having failed to dull the sting of his lot in life as the town garbage collector. It had been stupid and tragic and without dignity in any detail—an altercation between the respected school principal and a boisterous half-breed, a charge read out in court, the old vexed charge that a man who has Indian blood has no right to drink. The charge was mistaken both in the eyes of the law and of the community. It had been withdrawn but not before Carlyle, full of uncertainty about a life in which such a charge could have been laid in the first place, had resigned. The board had refused to accept his resignation. The whole town had gathered in the community hall to make what amends it could. There had been a presentation, and Carlyle had accepted their gift and their warm deeply felt speeches with solemn thanks, but his voice and his words were filled with the dignity of painful needs accepted without the admission of pain.

"I believe that what you know about me does not make any difference to you. I have no bitterness for anything that has happened. That is honest. I have no bitterness now.

"I have tried for six years to teach your children as well as I could. I would like to go on teaching them. I can't. There are teachers who can do that for you as well as I. You will not have difficulty in getting another teacher for your children.

"I want you to understand that I am indebted to you. Not just for this evening. You have reminded me who I am. Because you have there is only one thing for me to do."

He had stopped and looked out to them.

"There are other children to whom I have a responsibility. I have never admitted it to myself before. I do. *Continued on page 57*



"We thank thee," Ezra prayed, "for no frost and for this teacher."



Peter Townsend's repeated visits to Buckingham Palace for decoration as an RAF hero resulted in a job as equerry and friendship with Margaret

The Princess is said to have told her sister before the Coronation that she wanted to marry Townsend. The Queen is believed to favor the marriage

War hero Peter Townsend is in exile while the Queen ponders whether her twenty-three-year-old sister should marry a divorced man of thirty-eight. Here's an on-the-spot look at the past, present and likely future of

THE MAN OF MARGARET'S CHOICE

By McKENZIE PORTER

LONDON, ENG.

IN THE DAYS when half the royal, noble and wealthy eligibles of Britain and the Continent were suitors for her hand, Princess Margaret was once overheard to remark: "When I marry I shall need someone firm to keep me in order."

Apparently she has found that man in the person of Group Captain Peter Wooldridge Townsend, DSO, DFC and Bar, CVO, a handsome Battle of Britain hero and until a few weeks ago a favorite royal equerry. Just before the Coronation Margaret is believed to have revealed to Elizabeth that she wished none but Townsend for her husband.

But in choosing Townsend as the man she wants to marry Margaret has precipitated the greatest controversy to involve the British Royal Family since Edward VIII abdicated to marry a divorced commoner. And for similar reasons: Townsend is a divorced commoner, and the father of two children, and Margaret, although now only third in direct line of succession to the throne, is the potential regent who would rule if the Queen died before her heir, Prince Charles, reached eighteen. The fact that plans are under way for relieving Margaret of the regency is taken as the strongest indication that the way may eventually be cleared for her marriage to Townsend.

Meanwhile Townsend, who is thirty-eight, has been transferred from his palace job to a minor post in the British Embassy at Brussels. The fate of the romance will not be known to the public at least until the Queen returns from her visit to Australia and New Zealand this year.

Whatever its outcome it seems apparent that Townsend has already done something toward keeping Margaret "in order."

All her grown-up life the younger princess filled the spotlight as the gay and even daring member of the Royal Family, the breaker of tradition, the leader of the attack on Victorianism. Since Townsend began to influence her life she has been seen less and less in London night spots, has been involved in no more of those little incidents which pass for escapades in the rarefied atmosphere in which royalty lives, such as her dancing of the Can-Can at a U. S. Embassy party. Margaret's turn toward culture and the more serious things of life even led to a rumor that she planned to enter an Anglican convent.

Townsend himself enjoys both the Can-Can and Culture, a cosmopolitan blend of interests in keeping with his ancestry and upbringing.

He was born at Rangoon, Burma, in 1914. His father, the late E. C. Townsend, a lieutenant-colonel in World War I, was an upper grade Indian civil servant. Peter Townsend has three sisters and three brothers. One of his sisters is married to Arthur Gaitskell, a brother of Hugh Gaitskell who was a cabinet minister in the former British Labour Government. One of his brothers is a lieutenant-colonel in the Gurkha Rifles and recently won the DSO for action in the Malay troubles. His mother, Mrs. Gladys Townsend, lives modestly in the West Somerset village of Stogumber.

Townsend was educated at Haileybury, an English school which upholds much the same traditions as Eton and Harrow, but is much less expensive and less rigid about the blood lines and bank balances of the scholars it admits. When he left school in the early Thirties he was attracted, like thousands more in his generation, by advertisements offering commissions in the expanding RAF. He passed a selection board and went to the RAF college at Cranwell, the parallel of the army's Sandhurst and the navy's Dartmouth. In 1935 he became a regular officer in the RAF and was posted to India where he remained until 1937.

He was returned to England to join other young RAF officers as Britain prepared to face Hitler's air armadas. A fellow pilot wrote about him then and was quoted in Hector Bolitho's book Combat Report:

"He used to be rather aloof, going to his room at night and avoiding our games. But we are bringing him out of his shell. He is very shy and has no idea of his own courage. He thinks he will hate the war if it comes. He is very English on the surface. He surrounds himself with armour. But I am slowly breaking through. We are becoming friends. He has the sort of face you notice as soon as he comes into a room."

In a few months war broke out and Townsend was molded into a familiar pattern. He was among those gallants of the famous No. 43 Squadron who masked their fears with gaiety.

In January 1940 Townsend shot down his first Heinkel over the northeast coast, aided by C. B. Hull, a South African pilot who was later killed. The two fighter pilots raced into the mess together like a pair of exuberant schoolboys. As the corks popped from the last case of champagne they executed a mock Spanish dance to a tango record. Somebody christened the dance La Cachita.

It caught on in No. 43 Squadron and evolved into a set and jealously honored pattern that was a cross between a rumba and a can-can. It remained throughout the war a solemn ceremony to celebrate the downing of an enemy plane. The record, carefully reserved for these occasions, became an almost religious emblem that was carried in Squadron baggage on every move and eventually was so worn the cosmic could hardly penetrate the rasping of the needle.

During the years that followed Townsend danced La Cachita eleven times.

But Townsend's own description of an aircraft he shot down over Scapa Flow shows he took no pleasure from the act itself.

"I could see the horrible mess in the cockpit. It was a sad and beastly sight, the riddled aircraft with its flopping empennage, three terrified figures in the front, the pilot, his fair hair blown by the slip stream which was coming through the shattered windscreen, leaning forward and trying to urge his powerless machine to fly, his two companions making hopeless signs of surrender and despair. We just answered them with two fingers and an upturned thumb as we pointed toward the coast thirty miles away in the hope that they would make it. They didn't."

He Ran Away to Fight

In April 1940 Townsend was among the first to be invested by the King with the DFC. In September 1940 he went to Buckingham Palace again to get the Bar. In May 1941 when he had attained the rank of wing commander he attended his third investiture and as the King pinned the DSO on his chest he smiled and said: "Hello! You again!"

Townsend's citations told of "leadership, skill and determination of the highest quality," of "unflagging zeal," and of "untiring efforts which contributed materially to the many successes obtained by his squadrons."

He once had to bail out over southern England at fourteen thousand feet when enemy cannon shells riddled his Hurricane and peppered his left leg. Two weeks later he ran away from hospital and fought several more actions while still in bandages.

The changes wrought by war are discernible in a second letter about Townsend quoted by Bolitho:

"He is an extraordinary person. Do you remember how shy and self-conscious he was? It has all gone now. He loves his gay parties and the squadron worship him. What a lesson one can learn from a person like that, in watching the way he works with the men. He never needs to be angry, or tiresome, or even particularly firm with them. It just comes from inside him."

Halfway through the war Townsend was promoted and made station commander first of Drem in Scotland next at West Malling in Kent and finally at No. 23 Initial Training Wing, all units which earned distinguished records.

Curiously enough it was while he was in his desk job that Townsend came to hand-to-hand grips with the enemy. Secret electronic devices at West Malling deceived many German pilots into thinking the station was their own home base. Those on the scene got used to the amazing spectacle of enemy pilots calmly landing in their midst to be taken away spluttering with astonishment and rage.

One such pilot realized his mistake as his machine touched down and tried to take off again. Canadian guns crippled the aircraft. The pilot then sprang out and began to run into the darkness beyond the flames which now leaped from the aircraft's gas tanks. Machine gunners prepared to fire at him.

"No!" cried Townsend. He sprinted across the airfield, chased the German for several hundred yards, brought him down with a rugby tackle and frog-marched him back to the hangars.

As the war approached its close King George VI decided to "modernize" his court. He had not forgotten Townsend's three investitures. Thus the man who had never been inside a society drawing room in his life found himself appointed Extra Equerry to the Royal Household. His friends in the RAF reared with laughter. Townsend admitted to them that he felt he would never be able to stick. But a royal command could not be ignored.

Back in 1941 Townsend had married in the village church of Much *Continued on page 79*



Margaret once delighted in parties (here her partner is the Duke of Rutland). But lately her life is quiet and purposeful.



Townsend was the innocent party in divorce from his wife Rosemary. Children are Giles and Hugo George, godchild of the late King.



Townsend back in London after the royal tour of South in Ireland. He'd just been told of his transfer to a post abroad.



"Today we make rifles, tomorrow small tanks," shouts General Naguib to a cheering crowd in Egyptian Army workshop. He led a bloodless revolution

CAN THE WEST KEEP ITS TOEHOLD IN EGYPT?

The fate of the great military base along the Suez Canal lies in the balance as strongmen Naguib and his Council of the Revolution try with a torrent of decrees to make a new Egypt out of the shambles left behind by Farouk



Wing Commander Gamal Salem, a member of Council of the Revolution, tells Fraser how a group of college classmates plotted to depose Farouk

By BLAIR FRASER

CAIRO

GENERAL MOHAMMED NAGUIB is a middle-aged Egyptian of amiable but unimposing appearance who two years ago was an obscure professional soldier relatively unknown even in his own country. Today as president of the new Egyptian Republic, he is a major question mark in the foreign policy of the Western world.

Naguib's realm is the keystone of the Middle Eastern arch, one of the richest and one of the most vulnerable of all the areas of conflict between the West and the Soviet bloc. In a hot war we couldn't defend it without the great British military base at Suez. In a cold war we can hardly hold it for long without the good will of forty-five million Arabic-speaking people, half of them Egyptians who seem unanimously resolved that the British should get out of the Suez unconditionally. Of these Egyptians Naguib is today the undisputed popular leader. Even the most severe foreign critics of his regime admit that it is probably better than any alternative in sight.

These are the two horns of the Western dilemma in Egypt. Whether it will be resolved depends on whether we can do business with Naguib and his Council of the Revolution, that curious little group of thirty-five-year-old colonels who chased King Farouk off his throne and turned the astonished Naguib into the world's most unusual military dictator.

I heard the Egyptian side of the Suez argument from President Naguib and several of his ministers during a seven-day visit, along with eighty other reporters from all over the world, as a guest of the Egyptian Government. A dozen of us heard the British side during a trip to the Suez Canal Zone as guests of the British Embassy. We were briefed by General Sir Cameron Nicholson, Commander-in-Chief Middle East, and by General Sir Francis Festing, who commands the Suez base itself. We also talked in Cairo to General Sir Brian Robertson, who is trying to negotiate a new agreement on the Suez, and to various Britons, Americans and Egyptians in and out of government service. You can hardly imagine a problem on which it is easier to see both sides, and harder to see a mutually agreeable compromise.

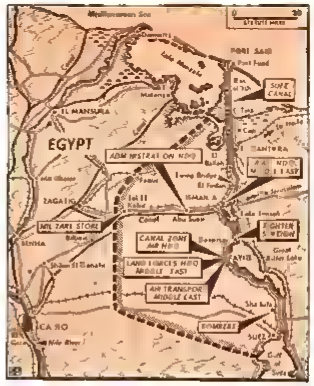
Britain is in the Suez Canal zone under a twenty-year treaty signed in 1936. Two years ago King Farouk tore up the treaty and declared that henceforth the British had no right to be in the Suez, with their eighty thousand troops and their billion dollars' worth of military stores and equipment. Britain maintains, of course, that the treaty cannot be abrogated by one party only and that she has a legal right to be there—until 1956. But 1956 is near enough now that this argument becomes somewhat academic. The real question is, what then?

British and American generals are agreed that the Suez base is indispensable to the defense of the Middle East. They are not, as some layman may think, still fighting the war before last and defending the canal as a "life line to India." The canal is of no military value at all; it just happens to be there. The essential thing is a great complex of docks, airports, repair stations (which are really great factories capable of making a tank piece by piece), warehouses, munition dumps and barracks. In addition to the three hundred million pounds worth of stores which could, if necessary, be removed, there are permanent facilities which cost two hundred million pounds and took years to build.

From a military point of view the base is perfectly located. No matter which direction the Red Army might choose for an assault on the Middle East, Suez is far enough behind the front to be reasonably secure and close enough to be useful. It has contact by sea with both east and west, contact by air and cable and wireless with everywhere. Without it, Western armies would be powerless to stop the Russians from turning the right flank of NATO (around Turkey) and crumpling up our whole defense structure in Europe. Indeed there is only one thing wrong with the location of the Suez base: it is on Egyptian territory.

Egyptians point this out. They say: "We are a sovereign nation and we cannot begin to negotiate with you unless you accept that fact. If you accept it you must get out of our country. Then we shall be equals, and *then* we can discuss what we should do together as sovereign partners for our common defense."

To the argument that Egyptian security is involved as much as anyone else's they answer,



Map details the mighty Suez Canal base, keystone of Middle East security and vital to NATO plans

"Yes, we see the danger, and we might be very glad of your help in time of trouble. But it is for us, not for you, to decide when the danger threatens. And anyway, we can't make any pact or agreement while we are still an occupied country."

But the British feel, and the Americans agree, that Suez is too vital to be left in any jeopardy that they simply don't dare leave until they are sure of being able to come back when they need to. At the same time they admit there is a good deal to General Naguib's argument that "Suez is of no value at all without Egyptian co-operation." A million soldiers couldn't hold it against a hostile people." That may be an exaggeration, but every one admits that with twenty thousand Egyptian civilians on the British payroll as irreplaceable labor, and a large Egyptian town (Ismailia) in the middle of the zone itself, a hostile populace is a major handicap.

That is the present impasse over Suez. Obstinate as it looks, the British are resolutely cheerful and really believe they say, that they can get a satisfactory agreement. But there are still other obstacles (political obstacles) to impede it in both countries.

Britain can hardly afford a loss of prestige either at home or abroad. At home, the Conservative Government has a narrow majority which might, conceivably, be wiped out by a Suez agreement that seemed too outright a victory for the "Wogs" and therefore too unpalatable to the Tory colonels on the back benches. Abroad it might have even more serious effects. British investments in the Middle East are protected mainly by British prestige and British prestige is protected—or rather symbolized—by the Suez Canal base. Retreat or even the appearance of retreat there might topple pro-British governments in other Middle Eastern countries.

But if Britain cannot afford a loss of face, the Nagmb Government in Egypt can afford one even less.

In Cairo's Liberation Square on the anniversary of the revolution there must have been well over a million people watching the parade and listening to President Naguib's speech. From time to time they'd break out in a chant which an Egyptian reporter translated for me. It was not "Long live Naguib" or "Three cheers for the revolution." It was "Down with foreign imperialism" and "The canal is ours today."

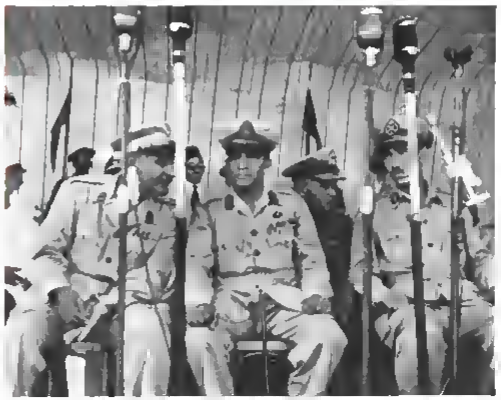
Egyptian colleagues reminded us that these cries were not necessarily spontaneous. They could have been and probably were organized by Naguib's political enemies—enemies temporarily defeated but still powerful. They include not only the Communists, ready here as everywhere to take advantage of any internal trouble, but also the big landowners who are to be dispossessed by Naguib's land-reform law, the old political groups dispersed by the revolution, the fanatical *mullahs* of the Moslem Brotherhood, discontented with the policy of friendliness towards foreigners and unbelievers.

Set spontaneous or not, the yells were a reminder that the surest way to please a crowd in Egypt is to shout "Down with foreign imperialism." The surest way for Naguib's enemies to get him out and themselves back in is to work up suspicion that he has sold out to the British.

That raises the other horn of the Western dilemma. Why, after all, should we care whether Naguib remains in power or not?

In many ways he is a strange figure for Western democracies to be supporting. He heads a revolutionary government that seized power by force of arms. He and his Revolutionary Council of young officers are running the Republic of Egypt as a military dictatorship. Parliament and all political parties have been abolished and the constitution suspended for three "transitional" years during which Naguib and his

Continued on page 92



Sitting between Deputy Premier Gamal Nasser (left) and Abdul Amar, army chief, Mohammed Naguib accepts crowd's acclaim on anniversary of revolt



One of Britain's eighty thousand soldiers in the Canal Zone searches bus passengers for arms in recent flare-up in the tense ninety-mile-long base

THE HAPPIEST HUNTING GROUND





Joe Kotowekik returns to camp with bag from an hour's shooting



Mrs. Jean Wesley (left), granddaughter Annie and Mrs. Mary Wesley pluck birds

The worst marksman in the world couldn't help getting a limit bag at James Bay where the geese that darken the sky rush to answer the Judas-call of the Indian guides

Story and photos by **DON DELAPLANTE**

THE intent glitter in the eyes of the Indian congregation of the Church of the Holy Angels at Fort Albany on James Bay went unnoticed by Father Jules Laguerrier until he was in the middle of the sermon. Then he saw that men, women and children were gazing with rapt and hungry fascination at the high windows of the mission church. Outside, cloud masses which had gathered further north galloped across the slanting September sun. Leaves from the nearby willows, crisp with autumn, sailed past. There was a chill in the air brought down from Hudson Bay and the stove in the church had been lit that morning for the first time of the season.

The priest paused, cocked his head. Then he too heard the sound from the sky. He smiled broadly.

"It is the *Wahoo*," he said.

He cut the sermon short. There was an impromptu prayer of thanksgiving. After Mass the people hurried to their homes and the men reappeared with shotguns. They jumped into canoes and headed for the tidal flats at the mouth of the Albany River. On the way they passed the Hudson's Bay Company store and saw factor Fred McLeod on the steps with his shotgun. At tree trader Bill Anderson's Mrs. Anderson was at the river bank, gun in hand. Farther along, Anderson and three Indians were erecting tents for the rich hunters who would arrive a little later.

And in the sky near the mouth of the river were the initial assemblies of one of the last great wildlife spectacles in America, comparable to the migration of the caribou in the Northwest Territories, the departed thunder of the buffalo on the western plains and the flights of the passenger pigeon. The Indians began to call to the *Wahoo* and to shoot them.

The *Wahoo* is the blue goose, most gregarious of wildfowl, today Canada's leading biologic mystery, creature of unrest and, in all, a queer bird indeed. It responds to a man's voice as though it had a streak of human nature; it can be called to its own destruction as can no other thing that flies. And it may even be that scientifically speaking it is not the blue goose at all.

It's a fowl which at maturity weighs between five and six pounds, is delicious to eat, has slate-blue wings and body, white head, neck and underbelly, and a bill and feet of a ruddy flesh color. It has teeth not only on its bill but on its tongue, which enable it to saw through the roots of the tundra grass it loves so well. It's a long-range flyer at a speed of about fifty miles an hour and appears to make the hop from James Bay to the swamps of Louisiana in one flight. Thereby it escapes the migratory massacre inflicted on most other game birds which pause before the guns of hunters in the United States.

In mid-September every year the blues came down with the north wind from breeding grounds at Baffin Island and Southampton Island and settle on the flats of the James Bay basin. Within two weeks every blue goose in the world is there on the flats. There is only one band of them, variously estimated from half a million to two million birds. They stay about a month, depending on the weather, feeding on the roots, storing up fat for their flight to Louisiana. Most gain about a pound.

In honking bedlam they congregate by the hundreds of thousands on narrow coastal strips three or four miles wide at the mouths of the Attawapiskat, Albany, Moose, Partridge, Harricanaw, Nottaway and Rupert rivers. Day and night, with no regard for the rules of air traffic, the birds fly in all directions, then back again. The flocks range from hordes which blot out the horizon to little family groups of five or six.

Unlike the larger Canada geese, which settle into relative complacency during a stopover, the blues seem driven to hyper-activity. Hundreds of the little family groups join the larger flocks, leave, join again. Whatever direction you look there are geese in the sky, near or far. They honk eternally. You get up in the morning with the sound and go to bed with it.

In this abundance the wily Cree has a field day. Yet he is limited by the number of shells he can buy—at $4.40 a box of twenty-five—or can make himself from powder and shot bought at the trading post. There are about eight hundred Indian hunters at James Bay and another two hundred and fifty white hunters come from all parts of the continent. The birds are so numerous that wildlife officials don't think the total hunt makes a serious dent in the population. The whites are allowed five a day, with a total of twenty-five for the season. The Indian can take all he can reasonably use. He smokes, sells and dries the birds, including the head and feet. He renders the fat from the entrails. He sells the down to the HBC for ten dollars a hundred pounds.

The technique of the goose-hunting Indian is a thing of beauty. Here he is at his best, hunting for food which he needs, yet enjoying every moment of the game. He cuts a huge armful of leafy willow wands and walks with them out on the barren flats until he comes almost in sight of the sea. Quickly and carefully he makes a blind in which he will squat later in concealment. With a hunting knife he digs into the marsh, turning over sods of blue clay which he arranges in the shapes of birds' wings before the blind. At the end of sticks placed between the sods he places tufts of feather which simulate the white heads and necks of geese. Thus, from the air, he has a reasonable facsimile of geese feeding. If he has been hunting earlier he simply brings several sets of wings and sets them up before the blind.

He retires inside and watches from between the leaves. Far ahead a huge flock is wheeling in the sky, but he's not interested. He'll be content to call one small family flock of a dozen. Several of them are coasting nearby.

Kuwoh!

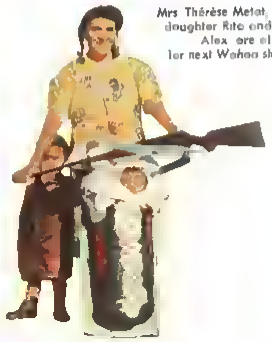
His call is the epitome of mimicry practised since childhood. It's as vibrant as a radar signal to a flock of a dozen birds moving on a diagonal course half a mile distant. The flock wavers in flight... the Cree calls rapidly, stridently, many times; the geese turn toward the blind. They peer curiously ahead, seeking the fowl which calls for their company.

The Indian talks to them and they talk back. Alternately, by changes of inflection, he cajoles, bullies, wheedles, promises, pleads and urges. They see the decoys, hasten forward. They come in low.

The Cree's voice suddenly becomes a gutturat *gugga gugga gugga* as his throat as he duplicates the call of the mother bird to its young. Close to the blind the foolish geese go into a stall in mid-air, bending their necks to look down for the caller. They are perhaps twenty-five yards from the gun. The Indian stands up and starts to shoot them. Sometimes the pellets can be heard striking their feathers. Too late the birds flap frantically to escape; three of them tumble to the ground, landing with a whack in the marsh.

The Cree keeps calling, piercingly. Sometimes the others honking hysterically, will come back directly over the blind to look for the wounded bird whose call the Cree duplicates. He shoots some more of them.

Frequently, two Indians will work together from blinds about a hundred yards apart, setting up a cacophony which resembles a large flock. Twice a year the Cree fills his larder with geese, for when the birds return in the spring *Continued on page 54*



Mrs. Thérèse Metat, with daughter Rita and son Alex, are all set for next Wahoo shoot

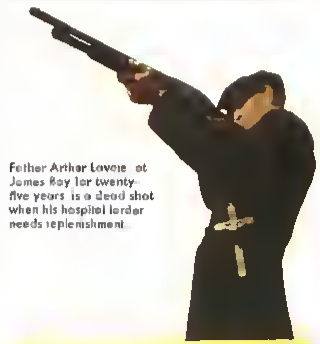
Guide Willie Wesley is considered a phenomenal shot, also a sure guide in tricky Albany basin



Silas Wesley refills empty cartridge cases for next shoot. He's one of best James Bay hunters



Dr. George Stirrett (left) and Graham Cench, of Ottawa, with hybrid bird showing mix of species



Father Arthur Lavoie, at James Bay for twenty-five years, is a dead shot when his hospital larder needs replenishment



Give the Bride a kiss, George

When the parson brought the girl into the orderly room of the prairie camp we all knew she was "in trouble." But how could we know that a strange vision would stir the compassion of Pte. George Letourneau?

By JAMES McNAMEE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

WHEN DELEGATIONS of local merchants came to ask the Old Man if he would mind hanging a couple of bodies as an example of what could happen to soldiers who were slow in paying their bills we knew the battalion was about to move.

The Old Man always told these people that, even if he wasn't sunburned, he was in the army to fight not to run a collection agency and they could dirty well do their own dirty business. How could they send the merchants, when the outfit was moving? Splitter...send the Old Man, who's moving? The outfit was in for a long period of serious training and couldn't possibly move out of the district for months and when it did no more Hitler. Maybe, they'd say, but the outfit was moving to Camp Codshead, Nova Scotia. Dirty well ridiculous he'd say. On Wednesday, they say... Go home, says the Old Man. Who are they to tell him he's moving? If anybody knows when he's moving, he knows when he's moving. He won't budge a stop till snow comes.

They would go home. On Wednesday we would go to Camp Codshead, Nova Scotia.

Or our departure would be foreshadowed by another type of delegation, the discreet and small one whose members were more concerned with the salvage of reputation than the subject of money and, unlike the merchants complained of soldiers adding to not subtracting from, the town's resources.

On an afternoon of dust and prairie wind during a pay parade, no one, apart from the Old Man behind his partitions, was in the orderly room but George Letourneau and myself.

George was typing. As a typist, he was smart as a soldier, notorious, for he had once for two days mislaid the bolt of his rifle, and his manners were a bit more polished than his buttons. My work at the moment consisted of flipping paper clips with an elastic at the bald spot about the size of a silver dollar he had on the top of his head, when I saw, standing by the door, a clergyman dressed in the unmistakable grey flannels of the Church of England. A girl was with him.

She wore a tailored suit and horn rimmed glasses. Her hair, bundled on the neck, looked like a wad of last year's straw. I knew who the was. Her father sold cars and farm machinery and ran a fleet of transport trucks from a long stuccoed garage on Main Street. The girl managed the office. She did not appeal to me. She had the secretarial look of those denatured and specialized creatures of low temperature and studied neatness who work for stockbrokers.

By the Old Man's manner when I announced them I saw they were expected. The clergyman made derogatory remarks about the weather. The girl said nothing.

"Got any ideas?" I asked George. I had an idea. There was only one reason girls came to our orderly room accompanied by parsons. George raised an arm and extended his fingers, a gesture he used as a variation of the Gallic shrug.

Continued on page 66





SHOULD WE PUT FLUORIDES IN OUR WATER?

Eight Canadian centres are already adding a chemical compound to their tap water to try to give children better teeth. Several more are about to follow suit. Where does your town stand on this controversy which ranges from loud shouts of "rot poison" to claims that fluoridation's the "greatest thing since pasteurization"?

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

Photo By Panda

TURN ON a tap in Brantford, Ont., pour yourself a drink and you hold in your hand a glass of the most controversial water in Canada.

Colorless, odorless, sparkling clear, it nevertheless contains one part per million of sodium fluoride. A minuscule amount, but enough to spark off one of the hottest verbal battles in this country today, based on this question: should fluoride be added to drinking water to reduce dental cavities in children?

Those in favor point out that the state of our youngsters' teeth is cause for alarm. In Canada tooth decay is now increasing six times faster than dentists can provide adequate treatment. Half of all two year olds in this country already have tooth trouble. A study of Ottawa school children showed an average of eight dental defects per child. In Ontario elementary schools more than three hundred thousand pupil days were lost in one year because of dental disorders. Toronto dentists estimate that by the time today's school children reach sixteen they will have an average of ten rotten teeth. One Ontario medical health officer says that if nothing is done this generation of children will have lost half their teeth before they reach forty. The Ontario picture is reflected in similar disturbing statistics across the country.

Is fluoridation the answer, at least in part, to this great health problem? Lined up, the combatants in the debate are:

For Fluoridation: The Canadian Public Health Association, which includes most provincial and municipal health officials as well as university authorities in the field; the Canadian Medical Association and the Canadian Dental Association which recently issued a joint statement embodying typically careful medical endorsement; municipal dental societies and the Health League of Canada. This is approximately the same line-up of authorities as in the United States where fluoridation, although well established in more than seven hundred communities, is still a controversial issue. Opinion in this group is based on numerous surveys in both the United States and Canada which indicate that a substantial reduction in tooth decay, possibly as high as sixty percent, can result from drinking fluoridated water and that there is no scientific evidence to date of any harmful side effects of such water if the fluoride level is about one part per million. Enthusiasts go so far as to call fluoridated water "the greatest public health measure since pasteurized milk."

Against Fluoridation: A widely diversified group of people with differing objections. Religious objectors (particularly Christian Scientists) regard fluoridation of public drinking water as enforced mass medication and are therefore opposed to it as an infringement of minority religious rights. Drugless healers, chiropractors and naturopaths object to it as medication. Some people object to fluoridation because they believe dental problems could better be served by a proper diet; other objections are that it costs too much and its benefits are shared by too few, that the chemical should be contained in milk or bread or pills or toothpaste rather than in municipal drinking water.

Go slow" advocates fear that the movement is gaining strength too fast and without sufficient research into possible long range effects on the human body. They point to the report of a committee on nutrition appointed by the Canadian Medical Association stating that "there is a great deal of unknown territory in the effects of fluorine on other parts of the body" and to the conclusions of a committee of the U. S. House of Representatives that "a sufficient number of unanswered questions concerning the safety of this program exists to warrant a conservative attitude."

Caught between the pros and the antis, the average Canadian still doesn't know a great deal about fluoridation. A Gallup poll last June indicated forty-six percent of Canadians questioned had never heard of fluorides. Of the remainder only thirty five percent knew their correct use. Actually, fluorine is a yellowish gas of the chlorine family. Combined with sodium it becomes sodium fluoride. It is poisonous in relatively large concentration but medical and dental authorities agree that when added to water in the proportion of one part to a million parts of water, it is quite safe.

Nobody knows exactly how fluorides work on a tooth, but there is considerable evidence of their good effect. Studies of areas in the United States where the water picks up fluorides from underground caverns and rocks indicate that children living there have approximately sixty percent fewer dental cavities than those living in unfluoridated areas—all other things, including diet, being equal. The enamel on their teeth is harder and more resistant to decay. Acids produced in the mouth have to work harder to make holes in such fortified teeth.

Canada's own Brantford survey, now entering its ninth year, suggests that similarly encouraging results can be expected from artificially fluoridating a community's drinking water. Sparked by the Medical Officer of Health for Brant County, Dr. W. L. ("Bill") Hutton, in 1945, the project was envisioned as a ten-year survey. A pre-fluoridation primary school dental survey was done and in June 1945 a fluoride concentration of between 1 and 1.2 parts per million (PPM)—just a speck in a gallon—was added to the Brantford water supply and has been continuously ever since.

At the same time Brantford asked the Department of National Health and Welfare in Ottawa to select two other communities as "controls," and the Ontario localities of Sarnia (whose water is fluoride-free) and Stratford (whose water naturally contains 1.3 ppm of fluorine) entered the picture. By including studies of these cities in their survey scientists could reasonably assure themselves that any lessening in tooth decay in Brantford was due to fluoridated *Continued on page 70*



Family teams working on hands and knees prosper on five-acre Holland Marsh plots, often graduate to large mechanized holdings — and wealth.

THE BIGGEST KITCHEN GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY

Lettuce that graces the tables of the Stork Club and celery that makes Chicago's mouth water, flow in a rich flood from Ontario's Holland Marsh as the muck farmers each year bite deeper into the nature lovers' vanishing paradise

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

Photos by Tallow

TWENTY YEARS ago Holland Marsh was just a dreary stretch of ancient lake bed thirty miles north of Toronto: thirty square miles of quaking bog that only bird watchers and duck hunters could love.

Then, almost overnight, Holland's muck became a black-gold mine which has since yielded sixty million dollars' worth of prime onions, beets, radishes, celery and lettuce. Today the marsh supports some seven hundred families of hard-working, well-to-do truck farmers who have reclaimed seven thousand acres and are expanding over the remaining thirteen thousand acres.

This expansion is opposed, more in sorrow than anger, by some thousands of naturalists, hunters and conservationists who feel that what is left of Holland Marsh should remain undefiled for the sake of "the balance of nature" as a breeding ground for waterfowl, a reservoir of moisture and the last refuge within Canada's heaviest centre of population for rare birds and plants.

Motorists traveling the North Yonge Street highway or the new superhighway No. 400 are familiar with only one of these groups. Driving north or south on either highway, suddenly a strange new view appears, utterly unlike the real of southern Ontario's elm treed rolling farmlands. The table-flat valley between the hills of King Township and the townships of East and West Gwillimbury is floored with geometric garden plots and dotted with houses ranging from forty-thousand-dollar ranch-style bungalows to imitation brick cottages.

Breasting the last long hill north of Bradford the view is breath-catching right through summer as many greens to the tawny tones of autumn. There huge warehouses line the road; refrigerator trailers or trucks top-heavy with crates of celery or lettuce start out for Toronto, Montreal, New York or Chicago, *Continued on page 82*



Eleven square miles of ancient Lake Algonquin's bed bordering Bradford, Ont., yield enough vegetables to give every Canadian a yearly bagful.



The average Canadian hands his wife a hundred thousand dollars for the family's lifetime budget. The way she fritters that fortune away on phony bargains and high-priced fakes proves (says this courageous economist) that

WOMEN ARE LOUSY SHOPPERS

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER WHALLEY

RECENTLY a businessman in one of Montreal's largest office buildings noticed his stenographers running back and forth between their desks and the washroom. He sent his secretary to investigate. She found a woman selling imported Irish laces and linens at least as she could hand them out and pocket the cash. More and more girls came crowding around her as word of her incredibly low prices spread through the offices.

Investigation showed, however, that the laces and linens were actually machine-made in Canada and priced considerably higher than local stores charged for the identical products. What made the girls so sure they were getting the real stuff at low prices was that the seller told them so in a noticeable Irish brogue.

Women buy unnecessarily costly goods because they believe less expensive grades are less nourishing or wholesome. Collectively they waste millions of dollars on certain grades of nylons that can't possibly give them the wear they want. They buy reconditioned vacuum cleaners that won't clean and rush to stores for fantastic bargains that are actually the same price down the street. In general they furnish a fine living for a horde of canvassers and a fringe of unscrupulous retailers with a keen insight into feminine psychology.

In fact, women are lousy shoppers.

The shapely hand that in most families is entrusted with spending the family's hard-won money is surprisingly unskilled at this task and often reluctant to learn. Many women don't even know how to buy their own clothes without wasting money, let alone shop for a family's needs.

The average Canadian woman in her family's spending lifetime will be in charge of purchasing as much as a hundred thousand dollars worth of goods and services. The meagre equipment of many women for a responsibility that a corporation would entrust only to a skilled purchasing agent can be confirmed by asking the people in the best position to know. The Better Business Bureau officials and investigators throughout the country who day after day listen to the complaints of outraged buyers. According to a spokesman for the Association of Better Business Bureaus, the majority of complaints come from women.

When a Steno Spends

That might seem natural since women run most of the risks (they do about eighty five percent of the buying, merchandising experts say). The point is that by and large women are poorly prepared for these risks.

A man gets serious training in earning the family's money. He serves a long apprenticeship to become a plumber, butcher or accountant. Few women have any equivalent training in their part of the job—spending that money. They were trained to be stenographers, air-line hostesses or



Why the stampede? Well, who could resist Soleil Lace wimples, were $5, now $7.99?

for anything else but their ultimate careers as family business managers.

Even more costly than their lack of buying knowledge itself is the fact that many women don't realize it or won't admit it, and display a whim of iron against accepting information when it's handed to them. Several times I've given young couples copies of a shopping guide and invariably the husband is more likely to read it than his wife. One determined man said the only way he got some of the information across was to read his wife a chapter in bed every night.

Of course a blanket indictment against an entire sex has plenty of loopholes. We all know women who can squeeze a dollar until it cries for succour. In San Francisco recently two women complained that toilet tissue advertised as one thousand sheets to the roll had only six hundred and fifty. How did they know? They counted them.

Men, too, can be gulls, especially when buying used cars or borrowing money, as files of business bureaus and government agencies show. But not only are women exposed to more risks and less equipped by business or work experience to run them; they seem to be more gullible anyway. The business administration school of Boston College made an extensive study not long ago and its report indicates that women on the average are about ten percent more trusting of selling claims than men.

Would you fall for this? A Toronto woman was visited by a man who offered a free ticket on a drawing for a car. The woman merely was asked to give her name and address. An hour later a salesman came to her door, called her by name, and before she could say anything walked in and spread a vacuum-cleaner demonstrator's kit on the floor. She told him she could not afford one but he kept talking as she later complained, so I didn't have time to think it over.

The salesman said just to sign a paper and he would show me how it cost practically nothing, in fact, I could make some spare money through it. I need money badly, so I signed. Then he said that for every couple I could talk into permitting a demonstration I would get five dollars. I don't know of any couple who would allow a demonstration so I am stuck for the full price of two hundred and twenty dollars. They gave me an allowance of thirty-seven-fifty for my two year-old machine and I gave a cheque for twelve-fifty."

The new machine itself sounded like a dilapidated cement mixer when she tried to use it. The business bureau succeeded in having the contract cancelled and the old machine returned, so the woman was only out twelve-fifty.

Women's apparent faith in the possibility of miracle bargains is dirt cheap for any sharp promoter. In Quebec City many women sent in money when they got a circular offering nylons, first quality, twelve to a box, $6.95. But they didn't get the twelve pairs they expected. They got what the circular advertised, twelve individual stockings each in its separate little Cellophane bag.

Judging from the reports of merchants' associations men seem less prone to fall for the scheme in which unordered merchandise is sent out in the hope that a profitable number of persons will keep it and send in money. At any rate there was a man in Winnipeg, a doctor, who received in the mail some ties and this letter: "We are taking the liberty of sending you three exceptionally fine ties. Many of our customers have liked them. Please send two dollars."

What Is a Genuine Sale?

He wrote back: "I am taking the liberty of sending you two dollars worth of extra fine pills. They have helped many of my patients. Please accept them in payment for the ties you sent me."

It can be proved that women themselves are largely responsible for one of the most widespread selling practices which, while not always a racket frequently confuses and often deceives buyers. This is the "comparative price" device. You see them in ads all the time: "Worth $65, reduced to $49.95." "Value $2, now $1.25." "Formerly $300." "Sells elsewhere for $60." "Made to sell for $100."

Many stores use such comparative value claims. Some store managements insist that the claims are accurate although one

Continued on page 63

HOW BELL INVENTED THETELEPHONE

By DAVID MACDONALD

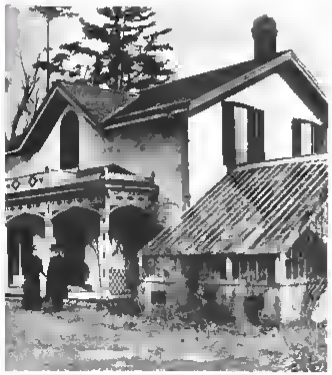
He danced Mahawk war dances and played araund with a dead human ear. He warked an airplanes, speedboats and phanagraphs. His mast famaus brain child cast him twenty years af litigatian. And even taday three cauntries — including Canada — still squabble far his reflected fame



Bell experimented at Baddeck N.S. long before the Wrights flew. He built Canada's first plane

TO THE PEOPLE living in Brantford, Ont., in the early 1870s there were unmistakable signs that Alexander Graham Bell was a young man going places. Probably to an upholstered cell. People visiting the Bell home at Tutela Heights a few miles outside town came away shaking their heads at the sight of him chanting odd noises into an open piano entranced by the way his voice made the strings of the old upright quiver.

They were horrified when he spent an entire summer talking to a human ear he had borrowed



Bell with his daughter at Brantford homestead a generation after he came to Canada to die

in Boston. He strung stovepipe wires all over his home and when they performed the way he hoped he threw his tall angular body into the wild Mohawk tribal war dances he had learned on the Six Nations Indian reservation nearby. In Brantford some people even called him "Crazy Bell."

A few years later Brantford and the rest of Canada hastened to claim him, crazy or not. So did Boston, where he had also worked on equally weird experiments. So did Scotland, where he was born. Governments and universities in Europe and America heaped honors on him. The people of Brantford were startled to learn that all the time he had been singing to his piano and talking to the grisly ear he was piecing together one of the most remarkable inventions of any age. The telephone.

Envious scientists claimed and Bell readily agreed that if he had known much about electricity he would never have invented the telephone. One Moses G. Farmer had tears in his eyes when he told Bell's assistant, Thomas Watson, that he couldn't sleep for a week after he heard the disturbingly simple details of Bell's discovery.

Others lay awake scheming to steal it. For before the telephone made Bell famous and wealthy it very nearly ruined him. In American and British courts he sued and was sued no fewer than six hundred times over his invention. He was called a liar, a cheat and a fraud and for years many people believed that he was all of these. Other inventors, even one of his friends, amassed fortunes from the telephone before Bell made a cent. At one point sick and disillusioned he almost gave it up.

Bell's name, of course, is today synonymous with the telephone. But the telephone was only a byproduct of his real life's work, helping the deaf. His mother was deaf, his own wife never heard the sound of his strong voice. He taught the deaf to speak and read lips, invented devices to facilitate their teaching by others and gave these hundred thousand dollars of the telephone's earnings to help this work. Yet through a misunderstanding many of the people he helped turned against him.

Driven by an enquiring mind that would not let him rest, Bell pursued knowledge until the day he died. Long before the Wright brothers lifted their first shaky aircraft into the sky in 1903 Bell had made thousands of experiments in heavier than air flight. When the world laughed at the Wrights' claim that they had flown, Bell stood behind them and the prestige of his name convinced many doubters. At Baddeck, Nova Scotia, his summer home, he gave *Continued on page 32*



Portly and benign in his old age, Bell romped with grandchildren at the Baddeck summer home



In 1892 Bell opened the Chicago-New York long distance circuit. The telephone — just one byproduct of his genius — was fourteen years old

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

A Farmer's Best Friend Is His PIG

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOS BY MARCEL RAY



ALWAYS ALERT FOR THE DINNER BELL, PIGS TURN UP THEIR NOSES AT ONLY ONE DISH — CUCUMBERS BETWEEN MEALS THEY JUST SULK QUARREL NOISILY IN PIG LATIN OR PLOT HOW TO GET WHERE THEY'RE NOT WANTED AND WHATEVER HAPPENS NEXT THEY DON'T LIKE IT!

Pound for pound the pig is the most profitable (and meanest), the huskiest (and most delicate), the gentlest (and most destructive) creature dawn on the farm. If only he wasn't so darned pig-headed!

IN ALL THE ups and downs of Canada's farm economy the animal that works most consistently to keep the farmer in business is the pig. He pays off debts, raises mortgages, finances new fences, sends thousands of country kids to college. He meets the taxes on regularly that has weddings are arranged to bear fruit almost the time the Department of National Revenue is feeling the first tiny kicks of spring. In fact, although he's short, bald and vulgar, if it weren't for him a lot of grand old bulls, big-bosomed horses and bright-eyed chicks wouldn't have a bed to lie on.

But farmers who raise them maintain that pigs exact full pay for their brunch: that pigs are contrary creatures which are at the same time hardy as a wrestler and delicate as a lady poet, which are gentle and brutal, fruitful and stingy, reasonable and just plain pig headed. On the credit side, pigs make much more efficient use of feed than cows. They convert a mere three hundred and fifty pounds of feed into a hundredweight of pork, while a calf eats eight hundred pounds of fodder to put on a hundred pounds of beef. But a farmer knows where he stands with a calf: a diet whereas a pig's taste in edibles is likely to include other barnyard livestock—parts of the farm itself and even of the farmer, if it gets the chance.

The pig raises more offspring than any other farm animal. A sow has two families every three years, averaging between 8.57 piglets per litter for a Tamworth to 11.98 for a Yorkshire, although she often has more. Sometimes she has so many that a couple are left stranded at the lunch counter.

But perversely, after making such a fine contribution to the profit paying farm population, the mother pig may kill off a few of her brood by sheer carelessness. In fact, twenty-five percent of all baby pigs born in Canada die before they reach marketable age. Mother pigs have a bad habit of accidentally lying and stepping on their young. Some sows slide their feet very gently into the straw, but the majority just stomp around. So many piglets are crushed that the latest, most scientific farrowing pen has a separate room where the youngsters can take refuge from Mom between meals.

Sometimes, too, a pig, instead of producing a dozen or so young, will have four or even one. In that case the farmer says in disgust: "She just wanted company." His disgust arises from the fact that any brood of pigs under nine is red ink on his books. In theory, quintuplets when ready for market pay the farmer back the cost of their own and their mother's feed. The sixth and subsequent pigs of each litter represent his profit.

Last year that profit came out of a whopping $436,000,000 that Canadian farmers received for their pigs. That was almost twelve percent of their total cash income and six million more than they received for cattle, one hundred and fifteen million dollars more than for poultry and eggs. In addition, the pig spread his influence so far around that he contributed to the living of people who never see a pig from one year's end to the next.

The pig eats such a volume of cuttings from fish plants—for example, that to many companies it represents the difference between profit and loss. The pig provides the biggest and most profitable market for skim milk and coarse grain, salvages the whey from cheese factories, and turns waste from restaurants into profits. Other things the pig considers edible read like a game of animal, vegetable or mineral: charcoal, ashes, mortar, soft coal, wood, soda artichokes, hairy vetch, slop, pumpkins, middlings, shorts, wheat, meat scraps, worms, oilcake, soybeans, blood meal, grass, yeast, rhubarb, potassium iodide, cod liver oil, limestone, bones, alfalfa, chickens, garbage, snakes and carrion.

Above all, in the major packing houses of Canada alone the pig employs thirteen thousand five hundred people and pays them wages of forty-one million dollars a year.

The pig is the balance-wheel of farm economy. When the price of coarse grains is low the farmer raises more pigs and feeds them the grain. This gluts the pork market and prices fall. But because the pigs have eaten all the grain, the grain prices go up.

Maybe in the end the farmer doesn't make a profit on either end, but you can't beat his farm over. Out in the west the farmers don't raise pigs extensively as a rule, but when they get an early frost and have frozen grain on their hands pigs are a handy way of using it up. This increases the pig population of Canada; the hog market becomes overstocked and the price of pork goes down.

Dead or alive, the pig pokes his snout into international trade agreements, world finances, internal politics and the economic moods of both the man on the street and the man in the field. In 1950, when Britain was reported in financial difficulties, Canadian farmers anticipated decreased hog purchases by Britain. They tapered off on pigs. By the summer of 1951 there were such low hog marketings that pork prices went up. The farmer started to raise pigs again. By 1952 there was a record peacetime crop of hogs. Prices started to go down again. Decreased exports to the U.S. and Britain, a termination of her contracts sent them down still further. The Canadian government set a floor price on hogs to protect the Canadian farmer. Later in the year the announcement was made that the floor would be lowered, and farmers rounded up everything that would pass as a pig and got them to market before the floor dropped. The Canadian government began to buy pork at the floor price, but wasn't able to put it on the market right away. There was a "vacuum" in the hog market. So instead of prices going down to the floor, they went up.

The farmer who makes money from pigs is the one who stays in the game. The farmer who loses is the in-and-outer, the man who gets so excited about how fast he can make money from pigs that he gets in for a quick game and loses his shirt. The trouble is that as soon as pork prices drop the in-and-outer decides to get out. Then, for any of dozens of reasons, the price of pork goes up and the in-and-outer decides to get back in the game but he hasn't any pigs. He has to start rearing them again, but by the time they're ready for market the price of pork goes down again.

Regardless of who is raising him or whether his market is bullish or bearish, the pig can supply his owner with headaches entirely on his own. There are at least count ninety-four different diseases and conditions, including cholera, to which pigs are subject. Among the most common are colds, TB and other lung diseases. Another hazard is heat. A pig begins to feel at sixty-eight degrees. Anything above that will slow his growth and affect the grade of pork.

When he gets something stuck in his throat, he can't be given medicine out of a bottle or he'll try to eat the bottle. It has to be poured down his throat from a hole in the toe of an old rubber boot, one of the few things he passes up. About the only other thing he won't eat is cucumbers or he evidently thinks salads are for asses.

Recently when a farmer in Tavistock, Ont., accidentally dropped his wallet into a sty the pigs ate it, plus a driver's license, two hundred and sixty-nine dollars in cash and a cheque for eighty-four dollars.

The pig has horrible ethics and often does in his barnyard neighbor. The chicken, with a chin-lipped smile. He has no use for any of that schmaltz about bacon and eggs being a dish that fills men's souls with hope and brings together quarreling lovers. He believes in others being lost on their feet and figures that if a chicken isn't smart enough to rustle her hustle she shouldn't be in business. If she doesn't, ankle off feet enough, he eats her.

Ten pigs near Omemee, Ont., left loose in rose around a barnyard, pushed over a brooder and ate a hundred and seventy chicks or seventeen to a pig in fifteen minutes, probably the biggest and fastest short order of bacon and eggs on record.

Farmers know that a pig pretends he's stupid but that he's really a wise guy. It makes him so mad that he has more run-ins with pigs than with any of his other animals. The sight of a farmer trying to move a bunch of pigs along is enough to send a city man reeling back to town. He climbs in among them and gets into a donnybrook, whacking and kicking them and with every whack they squeal, make rude noises and all go the opposite way.

The farmer gets so mixed up with them that there's a standing joke in the country about a woman sending a salesman down to the sty and yelling after him "Father is the one wearing a hat."

A pig has to be perfect for market, or scientifically as a boxer for a championship fight. If he's overweight or underweight his price goes down. To use June 1953 prices as a basis, a farmer gets thirty-five dollars per hundredweight for a grade-A hog weighing a hundred and fifty pounds dressed plus two-dollar bonus for raising prime pork. On a grade B3 hog which dresses at

Continued on page 48

ONE CREDIT UNION CHANGED THE LIVES OF THESE WOODSTOCK, ONT., CITIZENS ▶▶▶

How To Be Your Own Banker

One Canadian in every twelve is a petty-cash capitalist, handing out low-interest loans from ten bucks up to thirty thousand dollars to his neighbors—and himself—through the fast-growing credit unions

By KEN JOHNSTONE

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

EARLE REED was in a spot. A slight serious young man just turned thirty, he had finally succeeded in opening a fur business in Woodstock, Ont., and it had taken his last dollar of capital. He had a wife and three children, with a fourth on the way. The housing shortage was at its height and Reed had been lucky to have a good house at a fair rental until the landlord informed him he wanted possession. With no houses to be rented and with no cash, Reed was pretty desperate. But the landlord tossed him a crumb of hope. Reed could buy the house if he could raise a down payment of thirteen hundred dollars.

Reed applied at his bank. The manager shook his head. Reed was already stretched too thin on his business. He went to another bank and got the same answer. Meanwhile the landlord prepared to take possession.

Then one evening a neighbor dropped in. "Hear you got a chance to buy the place," he said. "Hope you can. I'd hate to see you move away."

Reed told him that he couldn't raise a dime.

"Why don't you try the credit union?"

Reed looked blank. "What's that?"

The neighbor explained. A credit union was a group of people in a neighborhood who got together and pooled their savings in order to lend money to those among them who needed loans.

"Would they lend *me* thirteen hundred dollars?" Reed asked incredulously.

"Sure," his neighbor replied. "We all know you're okay, and I'm on the loan committee."

Reed joined the credit union and got his loan. He paid it back, too, over a period of two years at intervals most convenient to his business. Today he owns his house outright. He has two thousand dollars in personal savings invested in the credit union. His wife and four children are members too; the boys do after-school and Saturday chores and make weekly deposits of a dollar each in their own accounts. Altogether the Reed family has a stake of three thousand dollars in the credit union.

Reed, interested in an organization that enabled a man without cash or bank credit to borrow a substantial sum, became one of the officers of the credit union and learned the details of its operation. It cost twenty-five cents to join and fifty cents a year in dues. Shares were five dollars each, on the installment plan if the member preferred, with payments as little as ten cents a week. The fee and dues go into a central fund dedicated to spreading the credit union movement. The members' shares form the loan fund. Since all bookkeeping was done by members at night and there was no overhead, money could be loaned at about half the interest rate of small loan companies. A charge of one percent a month on the unpaid balance of loans still left profit enough for a yearly dividend of around three percent on members' shares. But the most important point was that members loaned to themselves; they knew each other and nobody had ever welched on a loan.

Reed saw the credit union make loans and later as an officer (unpaid) he recommended loans where the only security was the member's reputation for honesty. One man contracted a gambling debt which was a source of great embarrassment. The credit union lent him four hundred dollars to pay it off. The son of another member borrowed his car, drove to another city and got involved in an accident to the extent of two hundred and fifty dollars. The credit union wired the money the same day at the father's request. Reed helped tackle the problem of an apparently shiftless man with a wife and five children. Repeated loans were made to help him get established, to bail him out of a series of difficulties for years until the man finally settled down to a steady job and a regular life.

Reed's organization, the Rochdale credit union of Woodstock, is in a community which can boast more credit unions (about thirty at last report) than any comparable centre in the world. And its executive, Reed among them, spend many hours of their own time traveling around Ontario helping to form other credit unions, spreading a simple idea to sell help that is finding rapid acceptance across the country. This year Reed won a trip to the annual convention of the Credit Union National Association at Atlantic City for personally establishing more credit unions in the year, twenty-four, than any other voluntary worker in Ontario. His total score to date is an even sixty.

The latest official figures for Canada show that at the end of 1951 there were 3,121 credit unions with 1,137,831 members and assets of $358,600,000. This means that about one Canadian in twelve is a member, with an average investment of close to three hundred dollars. For a grass-roots development, it compares quite respectably with the 7,730,000 savings accounts in chartered banks which contain an average deposit of six hundred and forty-seven dollars. And, considering that the movement has experienced its most dramatic growth over the last twenty years, it is clear that the credit unions are coming to occupy a position of significance in our national life.

Starting originally as a neighborhood or parish movement, credit-union organization has swept through industries, trade unions and municipal, provincial and federal civil-service organizations. Farmers, fishermen, steelworkers, white collar workers are all members. There are credit unions for the blind, for nurses, radio actors and musicians. There is even a credit union for school children at St. Brigid's School in Toronto. And among the thousands of credit unions that have been formed only a handful have been liquidated, for instance when a wartime factory closed down. In Quebec, the oldest credit union province, where most are organized on a parish basis and where the credit union movement in North America had its start, there has never been a loss through liquidation.

In North America today there are close to eight million credit unionists with total assets of well over a billion dollars. In West Germany, where the movement originated, the credit unions have survived Hitler, just as the Italian credit unions

Continued on page 42



FURRIER

Earle Reed put all he could raise into his store, then had to buy his rented house or be evicted. Rochdale credit union obliged.



CABBIE

John Toplay couldn't impress banks with the security he offered. "A wife and two kids to work for." A credit-union loan bought taxi.



HOMEMAKER

Mrs. Mary Robottom first borrowed for a new furnace. Another loan trained her husband, an organ builder, in profitable cabinet-making.



CONTRACTOR

Fred Perkins, wife Alma and son Terry own a fine home now. He was an odd-job man until credit-union loans made him a housebuilder.



NEWCOMER

Klaas Zunneberg came from Holland, saved up a thousand dollars, borrowed as much from a credit union, and is building his own home.



FARMER

Ross Hargreaves finances prize cattle with loans. His wife helped start the discussion groups which became Rochdale credit union.



Clair (left) and Kerns in the Argonaut "theatre of war." From yesterday's movies they plot tomorrow's touchdowns

What Makes Clair of the Argos Click?

Fronk Cloir doesn't ride his ployers, corry lucky chorms or even look like o footboll cooch. Yet in three yeors he has given Toronto two Grey Cups. How?

By JOHN KERNS

ASSISTANT COACH, ARGONAUT FOOTBALL CLUB

PHOTO BY KEN BELL

HOW DOES Frank Clair do it? For the three years I've been the assistant to the coach of the Toronto Argonauts that's the question I've been asked more than any other.

The Argos were in eight national football finals before Frank became their coach and they won them all. In these last three years of unprecedented crowds pressure national interest and expensive highly trained competition he has added two more Grey Cups. The Argonauts have never been beaten in an east west final. With the eight professional teams in Canada spending a quarter of a million dollars a year each people have grown increasingly curious to know how Frank Clair has maintained Argos' remarkable record.

He doesn't even look like a football coach. They keep saying to me. They see his tall lean figure pacing solemnly or kneeling watchfully in front of our bench or just sitting calmly on a folding chair near it. They've rarely seen any signs of excitement or nervousness in him except for his habit of puffing deeply on a cigarette. Immaculate in a business suit wide-brimmed fedora and plastic rimmed glasses he looks like a professor or a lawyer or a business executive or anything except what he is—an unmistakable football man. What's he like, they want to know. What makes him tick?

For one thing Clair spends twelve months of the year thinking football. In the spring he conducts a school for young players and another for aspiring coaches. He makes at least one trip a year to the United States to talk to other coaches about players who might help us. He even attends football schools conducted by big name American coaches. He travels a good deal around Ontario in the off season attending banquets as guest speaker. Naturally he always talks about football and his Argonauts. Coaching is his profession and football is his life and his chief topic of social conversation. One night last spring he had a few friends in and when he went to the kitchen to mix drinks one of them who hadn't seen him since Christmas, followed him.

"How've you been Frank?" he asked conversationally. It never occurred to Frank that his friend was interested in his health, his golf score or his fishing luck.

"It's rough," said Clair shaking his head. "Soergel's gone into the U. S. Army and we have to find a new defensive halfback."

He's a stickler for top physical condition. He once mildly chided his wife Pat for not doing her setting up exercises every morning but his rules of discipline are simple. When our squad assembles for its first workout he explains his attitude.

"This is a big city and

Continued on page 50



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ASENA Expat 3-D photography in color and a minimum of depth flickery deserve recognition. In this otherwise painfully routine rodeo western. With Gig Young, Henry Morgan, Polly Bergen heading the cast.

DREAM WIFE Wife-hunting Cary Grant has to choose between a brisk career girl (Deborah Kerr) and an exotic Middle East princess (Betta St. John) in a romantic farce that is arch and overdrawn.

GENEVIEVE A fast and jolly comedy from Britain. The title role is played by a 1904 automobile, one of many participating in the annual London-to-Brighton rally for ancient cars. Some of it is repetitive, but the genial yarn stays in high gear from start to finish.

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE The efforts of Czech circus owner Fredric March and his discontented wife (Gloria Grahame) to escape through the Iron Curtain are the basis of an intelligent thriller.

THE MOON IS BLUE Denounced in some quarters as immorality. This one strikes me as being just a mild talkative little comedy for adults — and, on the whole, pretty good fun. William Holden and David Niven both make passes at Maggie McNamara but virtue remains triumphant.

THE 7 DEADLY SINS A French-Italian multi-story film much too long and sharply uneven in quality, but with at least two episodes (Gluttony and Pride) that may pleasurably haunt your memory. Michèle Morgan is outstanding in the large cast.

SHANE Director George Stevens and writer A. B. Guthrie Jr. have fashioned one of the best of all the Hollywood westerns, although the plot (mysterious stranger helps honest settlers defeat greedy cattle baron) is as old as its magnificent Technicolor hills. With Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur, Brandon de Wilde.

STALAG 17 A raucous, cynical but compelling comedy drama about the life led by American soldiers in a German prison camp in 1944. Not recommended for the kiddies.

WHITE WITCH DOCTOR A dedicated nurse (Susan Hayward) and a heart of gold rogue (Robert Mitchum) join forces in a hackneyed jungle melodrama, made tolerable by superb Congo photography.

Gilmour Rates

The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms Fantasy Fair
Brandy for the Parson Comedy Fair
Call Me Madam Musical Topnotch
Confidentially Connie Comedy Good
Count the Hours Whodunit Poor
The Cruel Sea Navy drama Excellent
Cry of the Hunted Drama Fair
Desert Song Musical Fair
Dulcy de Moment Drama Fair
Dust nation Gobi War yarn Fair
Elizabeth Is Queen Coronation Good
Fair Wind to Java Action Fair
Fast Company Int'l comedy Poor
Fort Ti 3-D adventure Fair
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes Comedy plus music Good
The Girls of Pleasure Island Romantic comedy Fair
Henry V (revised Shakespeare Topnotch
Hiawatha Longfellow Indians Fair
The Hitchhiker Suspense Excellent
Houdini Hated up biography Fair
I Love Melvin Musical Fair
Invaders From Mars Adventure Poor
It Happens Every Thursday Small town newspaper yarn Fair
Julius Caesar Shakespeare Excellent
Low and Orders Western Fair
Lili Musical fantasy Excellent
Long Memory British drama Fair
Magnetic Monster Suspense Fair
Men in the Dark 3-D drama Fair
Member of the Wedding Drama Fair
Moulin Rouge Drama Excellent
The Nal Arabian drama Good
Naomi Let Me Go Drama Fair
Off Limits Army comedy Good
Peter Pan Disney cartoon Excellent
Pickup on South Street Drama Good
Pony Express Western Fair
A Queen Is Crowned The Coronation in Technicolor Excellent
Raiders in the Sky RAF drama Good
Sangaree Melodrama in 3-D Fair
Stanford of Scouts Rural Ontario comedy drama Good
Sea Beach Spy drama Fair
Small Town Girl Comedy Fair
Split Second Suspense Good
The Stars Are Singing Musical Good
The System Crime melodrama Fair
Take Me to Town Comedy Fair
Titanic Drama at sea Fair
Trouble Along the Way Football jamboree Good
The Vanquished Drama Poor
Yellow Rolls-Royce Suspense Excellent



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How Bell Invented The Telephone

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

the British Empire its first flying machines

His genius went still farther He invented the photophone which, using light rays to carry sound was the forerunner of him sound franks and the electric eye the telephone probe for finding bullets in human bodies, devices for condensing sea water for drinking With F W (Casey) Baldwin, of Toronto, he built the fastest speedboat of its time He was the father of the modern phonograph record

At Badeck Bell probed into such diverse subjects as the possibilities of seeing by electricity, measuring the light of fireflies the use of radium in fighting cancer, rocket propulsion the treatment of lung parasites in sheep and nerve gas in humans. He proposed a vacuum jacket, ancestor of the iron lung

He dropped a cat (on a cushion) for hours to find out why cats always fall on their feet, and spoke of it as important scientific research Years before comic strips were first published he advocated action drawings to tell stories. At seventy five just before his death he went down in a submarine to off Nassau to study sea life

After he became an international celebrity and newspapers reported all that he said and did Bell liked to embellish the story of his life with histrionic touches. It really needed none

He was born in 1847 in Edinburgh His father, Melville Bell was a teacher of vocal physiology and his grandfather, Alexander, a professor of elocution. Both were amateur actors From them he inherited his searching interest in the mechanics of voice and his keen sense of the dramatic From his mother, Eliza Grace Bell got most of his early schooling When he was twelve years old she became deaf

Bell's preoccupation with the weird dated from childhood When other boys were playing football he was happily dissecting dead animals His hobby was collecting animal skulls Once he kissed his father in grateful thanks for a present a human skull As a youth Bell practiced working his Skye terrier's vocal cords with his fingers until he could make it say 'Ow-ah-oo-ga-ma-ma' a plausible 'How are you grandmother?'

A brilliant student, Bell finished high school at thirteen At sixteen he was teaching elocution and music Later in London he helped his father teach 'visible speech,' a code of printed symbols he had invented to show the action of the throat tongue and lips in shaping words.

Within three years Bell's brothers, Edward and Melville died of tuberculosis Alexander then twenty three went to a doctor in London and learned that he, too, had TB The Bells sailed to Canada in search of a healthier climate and settled at Tutela Heights In later years Bell was fond of saying that the London doctor had given him six months to live and that he had come to Brantford to die

Living in an old white farmhouse overlooking the winding Grand River Bell quickly recovered Soon he was riding out to the Six Nations reservation to teach deaf Indians his father's visible speech In return they took him into the Mohawk tribe and taught him the whirling war dances that became his symbol of triumph Bell was the strangest looking Mohawk on the reserve He was lanky with an olive complexion piercing dark eyes and wild black hair He had a droopy mustache and mullen chop whiskers, the design of his era

When the world's first day-school for the deaf opened in Boston in 1871 he was invited to teach there He also took private pupils One of them was George Sanders The deaf five-year old son of Thomas Sanders a wealthy leather merchant from Haverhill, Mass. The older Sanders became Bell's first patron

For five years Bell had been experimenting with the new marvel telegraphy In Brantford and Boston he tinkered with tuning forks trying to devise a telegraph that would send six or eight messages at a time on the same wire instead of merely two The Western Union Telegraph Co had announced a prize of one million dollars for a practical multi telegraph patent.

Through his work with the deaf Bell met Gardiner Greene Hubbard a wealthy Boston lawyer whose daughter Mabel had become deaf after scarlet fever Hubbard joined Sanders in backing Bell's experiments. In 1873 when the Sanders hay went to live with his grandmother Bell went with him and continued his tinkerings. When the old woman saw Bell weary eyed from working late into the night she cut his candles shorter, forcing him to go to bed earlier

One day while Bell was having a piece of apparatus made in a Boston machine shop he met Thomas Watson, a twenty year old machinist who became his assistant At that time, 1874, Bell was trying to perfect a device to show the 'shape' of spoken words to deaf mutes whose vocal organs were intact and who were unable to speak only because they couldn't hear sounds to imitate

When he left Boston to spend the summer in Brantford Bell took along a human earth borrowed from Harvard Medical School He moistened it with glycerine and attached a wisp of straw to the membrane. Then he spent the summer talking into the ear He found that vowel sounds made the straw vibrate tracing on a piece of smoked glass a different pattern for each sound

At the same time Bell was trying to telegraph musical signals via an electrical current He believed he could succeed too. "If I could make a current of electricity vary in intensity precisely as the air varies in density during the production of sound

Other men authorities on electricity had tried to send sounds over the intermittent current of a telegraph wire. They said it was impossible And it was. What Bell was searching for was a continuous current that would carry the complex vibrations of the human voice as the air carries them

Bell knew that human hearing was motivated by vibrations of the air





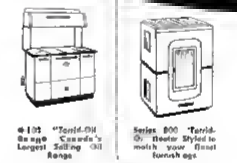
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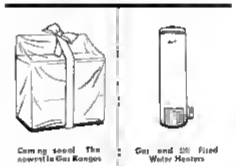
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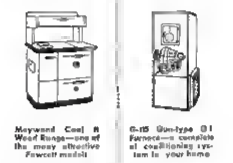
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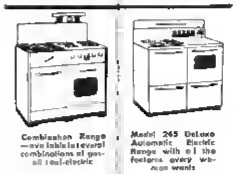
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membrane acting upon specialized bones in the ear. He conceived the idea of substituting electromagnetic diaphragm for the tissue membrane and a piece of magnetized steel for the ear bones. In that conception the theory of the telephone was born.

When Bell left Brantford for Boston that fall his father noted in his diary: "Alec is in Lectures. Full of new schemes."

By gaslight Bell and Watson experimented with the multiple telegraph. Bell had heard that an inventor named Elisha Gray was working on the same thing, in Chicago. He was afraid that other inventors would steal his ideas that he traveled all over Boston to buy parts in widely separated stores. By February 1875 the multiple telegraph was close to completion. Bell went to Washington to apply for a patent. While there he called on Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, a renowned old scientist who had made many experiments in telegraphy.

With a rush of words and quick gestures Bell blurted out his theory of the telephone. What should I do?" he asked. "Publish it and let others work it out or try to solve it myself?"

Henry advised: "Work it out." Bell admitted he didn't have the electrical knowledge to overcome his problems. Henry told him tiredly: "Get it!"

Back in Boston Bell was notified that his application for a multiple telegraph patent had interfered with another submitted by Elisha Gray. At night it was explained, but in Bell's dismay most of the telegraph companies rushed to buy it. It still had many kinks.

Bell's Yelp of Triumph

On June 2, 1875 it happened: the freak of chance that whispered the telephone's secret to Bell. On that hot afternoon he and Watson were working on the multiple telegraph hoping to win the million dollar prize. Bell had attached several small steel springs, like the reeds of a parlor organ, to telegraph keys at one end of a wire. At the other end in another attic room sixty feet away was a second set of reeds. The two men were trying to tune the reeds to the same pitch so that the corresponding reed would vibrate when its twin at the opposite end of the wire was set in motion. Watson noticed that one of the reeds had stuck to the electromagnet in the transmitter. He flicked it with his finger to start it vibrating again. Still it stuck. He plucked it again.

Suddenly Bell burst into Watson's room. "Don't touch anything," he shouted. "What did you do then?" Matter-of-factly Watson showed him. What had happened was that when Watson flicked the stuck reed it generated not in make and break current but an undulating pulsation exactly like that of the air waves set in motion by the twanging reed.

Bell's receiver picked up the current and turned it into a faint twang, a replica of the sound from Watson's room. In that split second Bell, unlike other experimenters who had heard the same sound before him, recognized what it meant. A mechanism that could transmit the complex vibrations of one sound could do the same for any sound, even speech. Overcome with joy Bell and Watson went into a Mohawk war dance and yelped in triumph.

That night Bell explained to Watson how to build the first telephone. Next day a bug-eyed Watson heard Bell's voice whispering from his strange machine. Bell hurriedly notified Hubbard, his backer. Hubbard was unimpressed. He told Bell sternly to forget the

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telephone and work on the multiple telegraph. He hoped he'd felt the telephone had fewer commercial possibilities than a square wheel.

Bell and Watson worked as hard on the embryo telephone that Bell cheerfully broke down. He had to return to Brantford to rest and recuperate. But he continued to experiment with the talking wires. Bell finally decided he needed a new backer. He must have money not only to carry on the work of which Hubbard disapproved but for a new personal reason: he had fallen in love with his deaf seventeen-year-old pupil Mabel Hubbard and he did not want to admit to her father that he was virtually a pauper.

In Brantford the Bells had a neighbor, George Brown, leader of the Liberal Party in Upper Canada and editor of the Toronto Globe. Brown and his brother made one of history's most lopsided bargains with Bell. They consented to pay him fifty dollars a month for no longer than six months in exchange for a half interest in all the Bell patents outside the United States.

Bell agreed to delay his application for American patents on the telephone principle until Brown, who was sailing shortly for England, had filed them in London. (Britain wouldn't accept applications that were made first in a foreign country.) But meanwhile Hubbard ordered Bell to write out his patent specifications at once and send them to his Washington lawyers. The night before they were to be mailed Bell was working late at the Hubbard home, trying to make sure there were no holes in his patent specifications. At midnight Mabel Hubbard, by then his fiancée, called to him to go to bed. He raced up the stairs to her so she could read his lips and pleaded playfully to be allowed to stay up a little longer. Bell always insisted that he would have left the patent application as it was if she had said no.

But Mabel said yes. Bell went back to his papers and found that he had forgotten to mention his experiments and findings on the electrical principle which caused the telephone diaphragm to vibrate and thus transmit human speech. In other words he had forgotten to claim discovery of the very heart of the principle of telephony. He inserted it then went to bed. That single vital clause nearly omitted was to withstand twenty years of courtroom attacks. That night Bell later would declare dramatically, "the girl held in her hand the future of the telephone."

At last Brown sailed. Two weeks passed without word from him. Then Hubbard took matters in his own hands. Unknown to Bell he had his lawyers file the patent specifications on Feb. 14. Two hours later Elisha Gray marched into the Patent Office with a caveat (a description of his ideal

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telephone) and in the electrical transmission of speech.

Bell never forgave Brown. When he reached London Brown had begun to fear that he would be laughed off for backing such a madcap invention. He left the patent papers at the bottom of his trunk. For fifty dollars the only payment they made, the Brown brothers might have reaped millions. Four years later George Brown was murdered by a disgruntled printer.

On March 3, 1876 Hubbard's twenty-ninth birthday, Bell's patent was allowed. His formal agreement with Sanders and Hubbard provided for equal sharing of profits from his telegraphic revolutions. Neither of the partners thought the telephone was included in it. But Bell with typical honesty insisted it was.

Bell rented new rooms in Boston's Exeter Place and prepared the telephone for commercial use. He developed an improved instrument with a galvanic battery. The night it was to be tested—March 10—Watson went into Bell's bedroom and whistled. Suddenly a voice came from the receiver: "Watson, come here. I want you."

Watson ran into Bell's primitive laboratory. The two men gazed at one another. For the first time the telephone had spoken a complete and intelligible sentence.

That summer Bell went home to a more tolerant Brantford and made the world's first long distance call to Paris, Ont., six miles away. Watson gave up his three-dollar-a-day job for a teeth interest in the Bell patents. That fall the telephone passed its first big public test in a two mile call from Boston to Cambridgeport with Bell chanting: "Ahoy, ahoy, Watson! Are you there?"

Bell offered his telephone patents to the Western Union Telegraph Com-

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pany for one hundred thousand dollars and was quickly shown the door. In February 1877 the telephone earned its first revenue—eighty five dollars from a lecture Bell gave on his invention. He spent it on a silver medal of the telephone for Mabel Hubbard, whom he married in July. His wedding gift to his bride was all his interests in the telephone.

With money from a lecture tour Bell and his wife went to England on their honeymoon. They stayed there for eighteen months while Britain toasted him. Bell demonstrated his talking telegraph to Queen Victoria and one newspaper which had referred earlier to "the latest American humbug" headlined it "A Great Invention."

Back on the continent Bell found trouble awaiting him. Western Union concluded that the telephone was here to stay. Instead of buying Bell's patents, however, the company obtained Gray's telegraphic rights and commissioned Thomas Edison, Gray and Prof. A. E. Dolbear (another telephone claimant, to produce a better one. In December 1877 the American Speaking Telephone Company was formed. Western Union, then the largest corporate body in the world (capital forty million dollars) held the controlling shares and blocked Bell at every turn by its ownership of exclusive rights of way over housetops and along highways, its monopoly of hotel lobbies and railroad offices.

Others were cutting themselves in. Fred Gower, an American press agent who had managed a lecture tour for Bell, went to London, made a minor change in the telephone and sold it as the Gower Bell phone. He made a fortune.

In the summer of 1878 the hapless Bell Telephone Company, without enough money to pay the salaries of its officers, filed suit against Western Union. While Bell was in England it was discovered that notes on his experiments needed to prove his claims had been thrown away. Many of them, luckily, turned up in an unemptied wastebasket in his Exeter Place rooms. Bell, still disgusted with the controversy, declared he was through with the telephone and went home to Brantford. Watson hurried to Canada and persuaded Bell to fight for his rights.

After the case had lingered in the court for a full year, Western Union's lawyers advised a settlement. The patent rights of both companies were pooled, with Bell getting an eighty percent interest. Though it had not yet paid one cent in dividends, almost overnight Bell stock shot up to $995.

Bell's patent troubles continued for twenty years in British and American courts. Of the six hundred cases in which he was involved, five went all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States. Bell won them all.

But honors as well as trouble started to come Bell's way. In 1880 Bell was called to France to receive his greatest honor, the fifty thousand-franc Volta Prix. He was thirty three and forty seven thousand telephones were in use in the U. S. alone. In 1881 U. S. President Garfield was shot in Washington. While the world watched, a group of doctors tried vainly to locate the bullet in his body. Bell thought an induction balance (acting on the same principle as a modern mine detector) might find it. He made frequent trips to the White House to set up his belky apparatus. Once the telephone rang, signalling that a metal object had been found. It turned out to be the bed springs. Newspapers kept Bell's search for the bullet in the headlines for days. When Garfield finally died, Bell was ridiculed, even though the bullet was found lodged too deep in bone to be detected.

With the Volta Prix money Bell set up the Volta Laboratory Association which gave much to science and the world. Thomas Edison's phonograph, for instance, was a commercial dud until Bell took it in hand, improved the recorder and invented the wax disc records used today, a vast advance over Edison's scratchy tinfoil cylinders.

Bell's chief interest was always the deaf. Investigating hereditary deafness, he decided that deaf mutes who often marry each other because of their common disability and interests might eventually produce a deaf variety of the human race. In 1883 he published a pamphlet urging that day schools be set up for the deaf, that they be taught to speak and read lips, and marry normal people. Sign language adherents protested vigorously. A newspaper reporter wrote a sensational story that Bell was lobbying to prevent the deaf from marrying. Many deaf people turned against their benefactor. But in England, after hearing Bell, a royal commission recommended that deaf children be taught to talk and allowed to live with normal people.

From 1885 until he died the Bells and their two daughters spent the summer months at Baddeck, Nova Scotia. They built a turreted home overlooking Cape Breton's breath-taking Bras d'Or Lake. In winter they lived in Washington. At his Beddeck estate Beinn Bhreagh (Gaelic for beautiful mountain), Bell's eccentric habits became the talk of the village. He seldom went to bed before three a.m. and when he did he wrapped his face in a towel because the morning sun hurt his eyes.

Summer and winter he walked about with a heavy rug draped around him on the theory that it kept out heat as well as cold. When people bored him he lay down and went to sleep. Once when Simon Newcomb and S. P. Langley, two of the most distinguished scientists of their day, came to visit him, the three men spent hours dropping a cat from a perch onto a pillow to learn why it always landed on its feet.

His total reputation as an eccentric was enhanced by the fact that he flew kites. Bell said that from boyhood he had believed men could fly. He began by building small box kites and progressed to a giant, with cells as large as a room, that was earth-bound even in a hurricane. With dark memories of his telephone-patent suits Bell made voluminous notes and photographs of everything he did. Every pattern showed a four foot plank dated with

Continued on page 40



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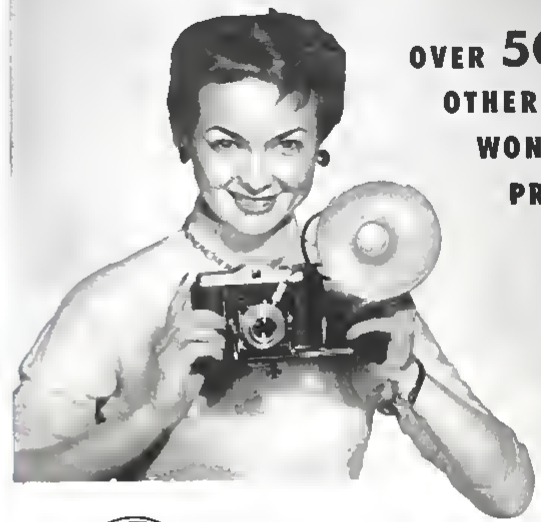
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MACLEAN'S
HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 13

The ten authors below have all made the best seller lists. How many do you know by looks as well as by words? We suggest three titles for each photo — can you match the writers and their works? Some are Canadian born.

(Answers on page 40)



1
The Silver Tock Down
The Moon and Sixpence
The Sun Is My Undoing



2
Rebecca
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Anne of Green Gables



3
The Sixth of Paradise
Return to Paradise
East of Eden



4
The Good Earth
Leave Her to Heaven
Earth and High Heaven



5
Point Counterpoint
Point of No Return
Return to Yesterday



6
Forever Amber
Black Jade
Green Dolphin Street



7
The River
Of Time and the River
Across the River and Into the Trees



8
I Never Left Home
I, The Jury
I Go Page



9
The Unfinished
The Benchwarmers
The Loved One



10
The ABC Murders
The G-String Murders
The IOU Murder

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Leakproof Performance Plus Long Life

THERMO-PLASTIC LEAKPROOFING PERMITS FULL SIZE POWER CELL



No 950

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VANCOUVER, B. C.
Fred C. Myers, Ltd.

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D. Ackland & Son, Ltd.

NEXT ISSUE



SIDNEY KATZ WRITES

the strangest article we have ever published

MACLEAN'S OCT. 1 — ON SALE SEPT. 23

large white letters. He even put out a small newspaper, the Recorder, outlining every step in his work.

By 1907 he had built a forty two-foot aerial monster he called the Cygnet. Needing a good light motor he brought Glenn H. Curtiss, who was making motorcycles at Hammondsport, N.Y., to Baddeck. They were joined there by J. A. D. McCurdy, a son of Bell's secretary, and F. W. (Casey) Baldwin, a University of Toronto athlete whose engineering dean had refused to let him write his thesis on aerodynamics on the grounds that it ranked with yoga.

Lieut. Thomas Selfridge, an official observer from the U. S. Army, came to watch Bell's experiments in flight. At Mabel Bell's suggestion and expense (twenty thousand dollars a year) they formed the Aerial Experiment Association. Object: "To get into the air." At this time the world was scoffing at reports of the Wright brothers' flights. When Bell told newsmen he believed the men, the laughing lessened.

That winter at Hammondsport they built their first plane, Drome No. 1. Selfridge's Red Wing. Baldwin flew it three hundred and eighteen feet, the first public flight in America (the Wrights had flown only secretly). Five days later he crashed it up. Two months later Drome No. 2, Baldwin's White Wing, lifted her motorcycle wheels off a race track and flew one thousand and seventeen feet. McCurdy later crashed it. That winter McCurdy made his famous flights over the ice at Baddeck, the first in the British Empire.

Baldwin later had a brief career in politics and died in 1948. McCurdy, a former lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, now lives in Toronto and still commutes in Baddeck. Curtiss became one of the great names in American aviation. To Selfridge went one fateful distinction. He was killed in 1909 on a flight with Orville Wright—the world's first victim of an air crash. During World War I Bell and Baldwin built on and submarines speedboat that skimmed along at a record seventy miles an hour.

In his late years a story was circulated that the inventor hated the telephone so much he refused to have one in his home. The fact was he had several—but he used to roar with rage whenever the phone rang at mealtime.

Bell and Watson staged a reunion in 1915 to open America's first coast-to-coast telephone system. Handed the script of a prepared conversation befitting the event, Bell threw it aside and shouted: "Hoy, hoy, Mr. Watson. Are you there? Do you hear me?" Two years later, a year after Boston proclaimed Bell's Exeter Place rooms as the home of the telephone, the people of Brantford unveiled a large memorial and dubbed their town "The Telephone City."

Standing in front of his own memorial in Brantford Bell [illegible] of ease. "I cannot claim to be the inventor of the modern telephone," he said. "That is the product of many minds. But I did initiate the transmission of speech by telegraphy and I initiated it here. But Boston struck to its claim. "For six years earlier, addressing a Boston audience, Bell had said: "Boston is par excellence the home of the telephone."

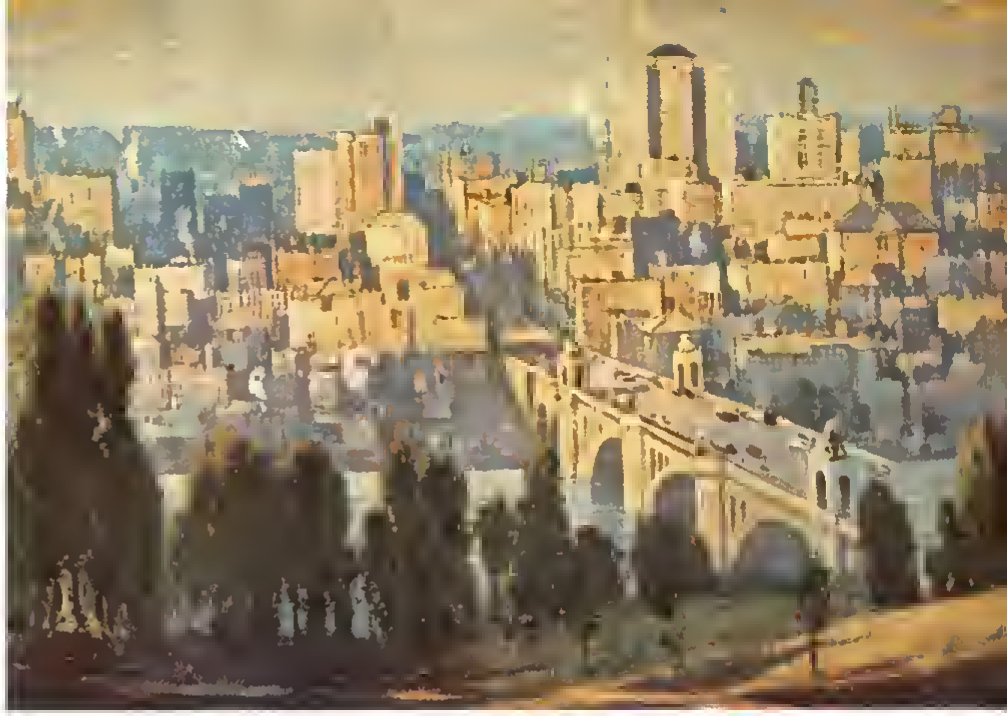
In the fall of 1920 Alexander Graham Bell went home to Edinburgh for the last time and was given the freedom of the city. He spent the winter of 1921-22 in Florida and the West Indies then went back to the hills of Baddeck. His health was failing and his disease was diagnosed as pernicious anaemia.

Totally ill, Bell continued to work furiously. He dictated notes on the many subjects that crowded his fertile mind. One which survives is an outline of "the deductive" his theory that children should be made to find out everything for themselves. On the night of August 2 he gave his last dictation to his secretary. "Don't hurry," she told him. "I have to," he replied. That night he died.

Dressed in an old homespun work suit, lying in a coffin of pine boards, Graham Bell was buried on a hilltop at Beinn Bhreagh in a tomb cut out of rock. While a piper skirled a Highland lament over the lakes every telephone in America was silent for two minutes. ★

ANSWERS TO HIDE-AND-SEEK NO. 12
[See page 38]

1. Somerset Maugham (The Moon and Sixpence)
2. L. M. Montgomery (Anne of Green Gables)
3. F. Scott Fitzgerald (This Side of Paradise)
4. Gwethalyn Graham (Earth and High Heaven)
5. John P. Marquand (Point of No Return)
6. Kathleen Winsor (Forever Amber)
7. Ernest Hemingway (Across the River and Into the Trees)
8. Wm. Kelly (I Go Pogo)
9. Evelyn Waugh (The Loved One)
10. Gypsy Rose Lee (The G String Murders)



Calgary [illegible] by A. C. Leighton, R.B.

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And, to foster still further world-wide recognition of Canada and her culture, The House of Seagram is now exhibiting these original paintings of Canadian cities by Canadian artists in many major cities of the world, including San Juan, Havana, Mexico City, Caracas, Rio de Janeiro, Sao Paulo, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rome, Paris, Geneva, Stockholm, Madrid and London. In this way, The House of Seagram once again demonstrates its faith in the stature of all things Canadian.



A.C. LEIGHTON, R.S.A. Born in England where he became Member of the Royal Society of British Painters in 1929. After coming to Canada an official artist for a Canadian railway, he was so fascinated by the Rockies that he chose them for his permanent home. Organized the summer school in the Rockies which became the Banff School of Fine Arts. Member of C.S.P.W.C.

The House of Seagram

How To Be Your Own Banker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

outlived Mussolini. In India, where British civil servants established credit unions, the movement has done much to break centuries-old stranglehold of local moneylenders on village economy. In such widely separated places as the Philippines and the West Indies, newly developed credit unions are expanding rapidly, offering hope to natives who have known nothing in the past save poverty.

The credit-union movement was brought to North America in the first year of this century by a cautious stubborn Canadian parliamentary reporter named Alphonse Desjardins. In the little town of Lévis, picturesque twin of Quebec City across the St. Lawrence, he had seen friends and neighbors struggling in the grip of loan sharks. He had seen a farmer of his acquaintance, an honest and frugal man, lose the family farm and all his possessions for default of a last payment or a bad farming year. And he had seen a bewildered colleague in the civil service pay off the interest of a twenty-dollar loan at the rate of one dollar a month for thirty months only to be sued for the original loan in the end.

Then he read about savings and loan plans that had been tried successfully in Germany. Frederick William Raiffeisen, the Lutheran mayor of Heddesdorf, had started pooling the small savings of the community and lending the money to those in the community who needed credit. The plan had worked well and Raiffeisen had resigned his office to carry the idea through the German countryside. Desjardins described as kindly, trunky, half-blind poor and chronically sick. Raiffeisen's nevertheless able to build a movement which by the time of his death in 1888 had done much to deliver the German peasant and small householder from economic bondage.

Desjardins was a cautious man. He read everything he could find about the German experiment. He was also burning his job in the Quebec legislature when he refused to alter the record of a debate at the demand of a member of the party in power. People dashed cold water on his idea of starting a credit union in Canada with the hungry returned. It might be all right for the Germans, but it won't work here. But he persisted. Finally he called a meeting of his neighbors in Lévis and outlined a plan for starting a *caisse populaire*, or people's bank. He was lucky, too. The *curé* of Lévis, Abbé Gosselin, was at the meeting and at Sunday Mass he publicly praised the plan. That was all the encouragement Desjardins needed. Three weeks later he opened the Caisse Populaire de Lévis in his own home. And though the first day's deposits totaled only $26.40 within five years operating capital had reached forty thousand dollars, and this amount had been lent over and over again without a penny's loss.

The conservative Desjardins waited six years before he became finally convinced that the plan would work elsewhere. Meanwhile he had obtained a job as parliamentary reporter at Ottawa at two thousand dollars a year. He started traveling through Quebec spreading the idea, and his tall figure and swooping, hurdle-like stride became a familiar sight in Three Rivers, Sherbrooke, Lake St. John, wherever he could get a hearing. He paid his own expenses out of his modest salary and he kept costs down by driving his wife pack his lunch in a paper bag which he carried with great dignity under his arm.

Soon other credit unions were being formed in Quebec parishes and Desjardins felt the need of legislation to give the movement legal status, limit the liability of directors and shape the future development of credit unions on a rational basis. So he began to press for national legislation. He ran into opposition from four shrieked from parliamentarians to whom the whole scheme seemed Utopian. A bill drawn up by Desjardins defining the nature and function of credit unions and their officers was hardly carried in the House of Commons but was defeated in the Senate by one vote. He returned to Quebec City to seek the support of the provincial premier, Sir Lomer Gouin. The premier was convinced by Desjardins' facts and figures, and sponsored the bill which became the Quebec Syndicates Act.

Desjardins returned to the fray in Ottawa. One night a caller dropped in unannounced at the little room where he boarded during the session. It was Governor General Earl Grey. He told Desjardins that he had studied the beneficial effects of credit unions in Europe. He wished to enroll as a member of the Desjardins bank and moreover he was prepared to testify before the parliamentary committee then sitting on a new credit-union bill which was being brought in by a government measure. This unexpected champion swung the tide. Grey's testimony in which he cited the fact that more than two thousand credit unions had been formed by Raiffeisen and that some of them had lost a cent in operation had a powerful effect on the committee. Desjardins' bill was passed.

Desjardins was a modest man. He refused to capitalize on his fame as the founder of the credit-union movement in North America. He refused to run for public office. He refused to accept any reward for his work. He was content to see his idea grow and spread. He died in 1920 at the age of seventy-two.

Today there are more than 13,000 credit unions in the world, with a membership of more than 13,000,000 people. In Canada alone there are more than 2,000 credit unions with a membership of more than 1,000,000 people. The movement has grown out of all proportion to the modest beginnings in Lévis. It has helped Gaspé and Maritime fishermen break the vicious circle of buying and selling at the "company store" at company prices. They have enabled farmers to finance spring planting, to invest in modern equipment and purchase fertilizer in carload lots rather than by the bag.

Canada's largest credit union is the Sherwood unit in Regina. It has more than five thousand members and assets of more than two and a half million dollars. It loaned seventy thousand dollars to a congregation to build a church, and ramously extends credit to individual farmers in sums up to thirty thousand dollars.

But it is in the field of human relations that the warmest story of credit unions is told. Neighbors who know each other well lend money where no bank manager would dare. Yet rarely are they proved wrong.

In one Ontario city two credit unionists learned of the plight of a respected man who had fallen heavily into debt through his wife's illness. A threatened garnishee of his wages might mean the loss of his job. He was not a member of their credit union, but they went to him and offered help. At first he was furious at their "interference," but when he realized their motives he broke down and admitted that he had contemplated suicide as a way out. They persuaded him to join the credit union, negotiated a settlement of his debt at a considerable saving to him, and he was eventually able to pay off the credit union on terms well within his capacity.

On one credit union's books was a four hundred-dollar loan to an expectant unmarried mother. It was paid off. A member of that loan committee said: "It is not our function to pass moral judgments but to help our members when they need it most."

Personal loans over two hundred dollars usually require co-signers. In a large steel plant one man with a bad reputation for borrowing applied to the credit union for a loan of five hundred dollars. According to custom he penned his application to the credit-union notice board requesting a co-signer. At lunch hour the applications were endorsed by no fewer than fourteen brawny steelworkers with the laconic footnote: "And you'd better pay it back too." He did.

During the Port Arthur shipyards strike last year the employees credit union financed its members living expenses during the strike and for two weeks afterward, until the men received their first bank to work cheques. These loans were interest free. When the men received their cheques, which contained the retroactive wages they had won, in almost every instance they deposited the total increase with their credit union. Consequently it enjoyed the largest cash receipts it had ever taken in, and its membership jumped from three hundred to five hundred.

During strikes, credit unions generally take a "business as usual" attitude. However in the celebrated Stelco strike

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nt Hamilton the credit union found itself in the peculiar position of being barred from its banks on the company premises by its own members on the picket line. Soon after the strike was settled the rest feared Steelco credit union executives obtained offices elsewhere to avoid ever being caught again.

Payroll deductions have helped industrial credit unions expand. Management usually feels that it encourages thrift, so offers co-operation. The Bell Telephone management in Ontario, previously hostile to the credit union, recently changed its attitude and permitted payroll deductions. Bell credit-union membership jumped from two thousand to nearly five thousand in two years.

One Bell member applied for his first loan to buy an engagement ring. Then he obtained further loans to wed his bride to he as she was moved around Ontario through the Bell system. Finally he obtained a consolidation of debt loan to help her triumphantly to the altar, and the loan committee congratulated itself on its part in the successful conclusion of the romance.

Many girls in the Bell system obtain loans for their trousseaux, but when it comes to wedding expenses, the loan committee insists that the groom act as co-signer on the theory that this tends to moderate too-ambitious planning by the bride.

Most credit unions provide that death or total disability cancels the unpaid balance of loans and credit-union insurance refunds double the member's savings up to one thousand dollars. This insurance underwritten by the Credit Union National Association's own insurance company, could hardly be on a broader basis. The rather grisly slogan formerly was: "If you are worn, we insure you. If you are cold, we pay the claim." In recent years this has been modified slightly because some folk were opening accounts for dying relatives. Now the qualification is: "If you are well enough to open an account for yourself, you are well enough for insurance."

This insurance provision often proves a godsend to a stricken family. Last year in Windsor, Ont., a member borrowed nine thousand dollars from his credit union to open a small supermarket. Soon afterward he died of a heart attack. His widow received the store free of mortgage and since he had savings hundred dollars in his savings account she received fourteen hundred in cash.

In another case a woman obtained a loan of fourteen hundred dollars to send her incurably ill husband to Arizona. He died after a year there, and the credit union cancelled the debt. "The loan committee reasoned that if the loan had granted him another year's life it was amply justified."

"Provident and predestine are the purposes for which credit unions are chartered to make loans but loan committees often take a very elastic view. The Bell credit union has lent girls money for fur coats, and it lent a lineman two hundred dollars to convert a bear he shot into a bearskin rug.

When the Ontario Credit Union League helped organize a credit union at the Six Nations Reserve in Brantford local scepsis was warned: "Indians are bad risks. No sense of responsibility." At the end of a year's operation, with seventy six members in the credit union, only one man was delinquent. He owed five dollars.

Opposition to credit unions is occasionally found in management. Organizers claim that the word "union" sometimes has the effect of a red rag on a bull, and when they approach management they stress the fact that the movement is really a thrift plan. Sometimes opposition can be converted into support. A Maritime office executive who worked for an ultra-conservative president joined a credit union formed in the plant, since he thought it should be encouraged. Soon afterward he was called on the carpet by his boss who denounced this "socialist" enterprise.

"Sir," he replied with a straight face "if your staff joins a credit union they will save their money and they won't always be needing raises."

The president pondered. "You have a point there. I think. Carry on."

What About Bad Debts?

But that credit union had its troubles. The treasurer defaulted for eight hundred dollars. He was bonded for more than that, but the credit-union officers decided he ought to pay it back anyway, and a deputation met him to arrange for regular monthly repayment. Meanwhile the president got wind of the defalcation and, to show his approval of the credit union, fired the man. Then a deputation had to persuade the president to keep the delinquent on the staff until he had made good the loss. By the time the man had paid the money back his character had considerably improved. He still works for the company and still belongs to the credit union. But he is no longer treasurer.

A comparison of the bad-debt record of credit unions with that of finance companies is interesting. The last available figures in Canada are for the year 1950. These reveal that small loan companies and other licensed lenders in Canada lent $119,295,171, of which they wrote off bad debts totalling $463,748 or a loss rate of $38.80 for every $10,000 lent. In the same period the credit unions lent $106,358,203 and wrote off losses of $71,948, or a loss ratio of $12.20 for every ten thousand dollars lent.

When Earle Reed borrowed his thirteen hundred dollars from his credit union he arranged to pay it back at the rate of thirty-five dollars a month, plus interest of one percent per month on the unpaid balance. But at the end of the first year Reed's credit union found that, after crediting members' savings accounts with three per cent interest it still had a surplus. This was divided up among the borrowers in the form of interest rebate amounting to twenty percent of their interest. So Reed's debt was reduced by this amount. Some credit unions prefer to use their surplus for higher rates of interest on savings.

The people who operate credit unions are average people. The family next door, the man at the next work bench or the next desk. I attended the regular monthly meeting of a Quebec industrial credit union recently and it might have been the meeting of a gardening club or a bowling club except for the matters discussed. The president was a white-haired dignified figure who seemed a little hard of hearing. He kept asking people to speak up. But he adhered firmly to the agenda when members showed a disposition to wander from the point. The treasurer, a young crisp looking accountant, rattled off figures which showed a growing bank balance. Someone said they should be making more loans. The president agreed. The loan committee was called on the carpet and insisted that no loan applications had been turned down during the month. The net number of loans and the amounts were higher than the previous month. The president hoped nobody was getting in the hands of the finance companies and he lift a definite shudder over the loan committee. You felt that they had better get out and find some people who needed money.

After the meeting I discussed membership with the president. There is no problem or great obligation to membership. If there is a credit union in your neighborhood or your plant you can join with the payment of a twenty-five cent fee. That and annual dues of fifty cents are the only definite financial commitments you have to make. But of course saving is encouraged, and most new members start taking out a five-dollar share. But you are eligible for a loan as soon as you join. The only qualification is the bond of association. In a neighborhood credit union you must live in that neighborhood. In a plant you must work in that plant. When you borrow from a credit union you are encouraged to build up a savings account by adding a small amount to the repayment to be set aside in your savings account. Thus if a loan repayment comes to twelve dollars and seventy five cents a month it is suggested that you pay thirteen dollars so that the extra quarter can go into your savings account.

Any group of a dozen or so people with a common bond of association can start a credit union. Although the Credit Union National Association recommends a minimum of eleven people the smallest credit union on record comprises the thirty staff members of the Hamilton Auto Supply Company. In a year's operation they have saved $5,327 of which $5,043.50 is out on loan—in miniature a perfect example of the functioning of a credit union. Though presumably the amount of loans could cannot exceed the amount of money deposited by the membership each credit union has access to the surpluses of other credit unions through the provincial leagues. And in newly formed credit unions this help is often required. However most credit unions show a steady growth to assets over the years and are able to finance their own loans.

The best advice for anyone planning the formation of a credit union is to get in touch with the Credit Union National Association, the Credit Union League in any province or in the French speaking Catholic community, the Cause Populaire Desjardins. All are ready to help with literature and organizers. In addition, each provincial government has a supervisor who checks the operation of credit unions and each credit union holds its charter from its provincial government.

Today credit unions are officially welcomed on the Canadian scene as an important stabilizing influence encouraging thrift and making available a great new source of credit to people who in many cases had none before. As such they were greeted by Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent on the occasion of Credit Union Day last year. Over a period of fifty years all the serious and organized opposition to credit unions has disappeared.

The curious combination of a cranky German Protestant mayor, a stubborn Canadian Catholic parliamentary reporter and a hard-driving American Jewish capitalist has resulted in the realization of their common dream for the economic betterment of the average man. ★

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Heavenly fare for mid-week... Individual coconut-sprinkled meringues piled high with ripe-red golden DOLE Crushed topped with a cloud of whipped cream!



A Farmer's Best Friend Is His Pig

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

a hundred and eighty pounds he gets thirty four dollars per hundredweight and no bonus That actually amounts to more money but he has to spend more than the extra amount on feed and labor to produce the additional weight

The trick from the farmer's point of view is to finish live hogs at the weight that will dress at the grade-A range This is about two hundred pounds live weight The way the farmer weighs a live pig is to get it into a crate weigh the whole thing and subtract the weight of the crate But the big job is to get the pig into the crate A pig provides fewer handholds than an old wrestler The only satisfactory method devised so far is to turn the pig head on so that he thinks somebody is trying to pull him out of the crate Then he figures he's being framed and backs determinedly into it

If a pig is supposed to go through a hole in a fence he'll keep a farmer chasing him all day without going through it If he isn't supposed to go through it he'll shoot through like a kid when a just finished a violin lesson Nobody can make him cross a railway track and if anybody tries it ends in a free-for-all When the dust settles the pigs are still jeering and practically throwing rocks from the wrong side of the tracks.

One farmer in western Ontario watched his three husky sons try to get a six hundred pound sow over a CNR siding from two o'clock in the afternoon until four o'clock Finally they all came home together The only explanation they could think of was that she wanted to go CP

"The pig has a hotty like a night club bouncer but he moves fast on his toes and is a dirty fighter As a result pigs are always covered with cuts, bruises, scratches and blank eyes Farmers have to insure pigs even when shipping them only fifteen miles because there's a good chance at least one will be dead on arrival The premium is six cents each up to fifty miles eight cents for seventy five miles. The premiums are deducted from the farmer's cheque and he gets paid the full price for hogs dead on arrival based on the average price of the ones that arrive alive

When he's not fighting his fellows a pig is likely to turn on inanimate objects. That's not because he's destructive by nature but because he likes morsels between meals and is always rooting around for bugs slugs and roots. He rams fences and gates by getting his head under them and heaving rips up lawns, digs potatoes so fast that he makes the dirt fly He has to have a ring put in his nose when he can't confined or he'd not only plow under the crop but the barns houses and outbuildings A farrowing sow will seldom have her litter in the tying in ward the farmer prepares for her She makes a giant nest of her own but instead of using twigs and thatched-wa she tipices around daintily chewing up parts of the barn ripping up horse blankets and pushing over partitions

His Ancestor Was a Bum

About the only thing a pig gets blamed for that he doesn't deserve is smelling At really he doesn't smell if his owners will build him a clean place to live But if they don't he gets dirtier than all other mammals combined He's always stuffing himself against the sty and if it gets too filthy he just lies down in the nearest mud puddle.

An old boar is probably the most hideous creature above ground He weighs eight hundred pounds never shaves has two boiled little eyes through which he peers suspiciously at the world past layers of mud and looks like hamburg It wasn't till 1942 that even the Ontario Department of Agriculture timidly announced in a bulletin that he responds to kindness. Actually smart farmers have always known this and make a point of petting an old boar that looks like something seen after a straight diet of pickles and antifreeze calling him Old Man and asking about his rheumatism He can even evoke feminine affection a sow will sometimes die of a broken heart if an old boar she has been paired with all her life is taken away

As far as can be traced our domestic pig is descended from a no-account brute the European wild boar a murderous character who has been known to attack elephants kick the stripes off tigers and beat the buzz out of snakes The pig is also related to the hippopotamus and has a close cousin that even the pig won't talk about The wart hog a roughneck who has so many enemies that when he goes home at night he backs into his hole to protect his rear

Even some of the virtues attributed to the pig are undeserved For example that story that he is immune to snake bite If the pig wasn't such a fat sloth he would be just as vulnerable It's just that snakes don't get their poison fangs past that layer of fat People who want to annoy the Irish say that it was pigs and not Saint Patrick that drove the snakes out of Ireland and more recently the fast was duplicated on a smaller scale on Belle Isle in the Detroit River Belle Isle was crawling with snakes. A herd of pigs set free there ate every last snake in a few years.

The pig came to this hemisphere with Columbus who brought a number of the red-haired variety to Cuba on his second voyage The first big pig importation to this continent was by the English colonists in Virginia

Throughout his history the pig has experienced varying degrees of respect and disrespect popularity and unpopularity Has it regarded taboo by nearly all Eastern religions but it hasn't been established whether this originated because the pig was regarded as dirty or holy Most primitive races thought that to eat an animal was to risk taking on some of its characteristics On the other hand the pig was held sacred on the island of Crete and in Babylon In Egypt the pig was at first sacred and later a devil loathed so much that swineherds were forbidden to enter the temples

The Indian Mutiny of 1857 was touched off when native soldiers were issued with cartridges greased with animal fat which the men had to bite to prepare for firing The rumor spread among Moslem troops that it was the fat of swine which they considered unclean Among Scottish fishermen to this day the word pig is considered unlucky

In spite of all the hazards of being a pig including the fact that several billion have been eaten by man since pigs became pigs the race continues to increase At last count there were two hundred and ninety five million pigs in the world nearly half of them divided between the United States and China.

Most people think of pigs when they think of them at all, as pork on the hoof But the pig has a number of incredible accomplishments He can be taught to paint game count work in harness and in 1843 a pig was reported in England to have been able to spell people's names by picking up cards He can detect wind which for some reason terrifies him so far away that there's an old saying that he can "see the wind" In New Brunswick where he digs for clams on the tidal flats of the Petitcodiac River he can hear the four-foot tidal bore rushing upstream from the Bay of Fundy half an hour before it arrives.

Farmers are always telling with amusement tales of his almost human antics A farmer in Nova Scotia accused a shiftless neighbor of stealing milk from his cow as each day she came back from the pasture a pig was in an old beer bottle The farmer watched all one day and finally saw his own sow walk out to meet the cow and milk her out the spot both of them grinning at the thought of cutting out the middle man

All in all the pig is a loud rough and ribald character But he helped boost Canada's postwar prestige by giving United States pigs such a sharp lesson in economics that it's rumored he's next on the list to be investigated Until comparatively recent times fat pigs were more popular than lean pigs with packers The United States had an advantage as U S is a big producer of corn a food that produces fat bacons in Canada the big pig food is Bills, which produces relatively lean two things occurred that put Canadian pigs on the map First vegetable shortenings became popular as a substitute for lard Second many eating habits began to change Our pioneer forefathers wanted plenty of energy giving fat with their bacon But modern man has turned so gutsy from cocktails and television commercials that one look at the fat pork is enough to turn him chartreuse Americans pigs were left with so much excess fat that American chemists are now trying to turn it into raincoats while the lean Canadian pig suddenly became so popular that Canadian bacon is now served as a delicacy at posh places like New York's Waldorf-Astoria along with a lot of sissy dishes with fancy French names

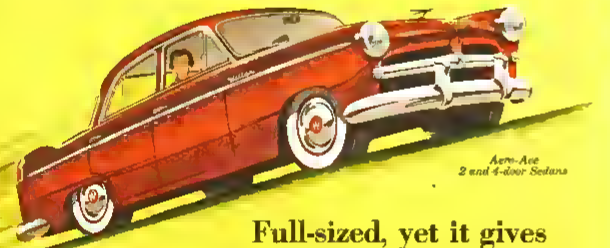
While he was winning awards with bacon the pig went right on providing us with ham pork pigs feet, hocks and pickled tongue head cheese sausage casing pigskin gloves luggage and razor strops gelatine for movie photographic sapphire and pharmaceutical capsules hair for automobile upholstery bristles for brushes blood for fertilizer pepsin thyroxin adrenalin insulin glycerin for soaps, toilet waters perfume and bombs and the wonder drug ACTH

He even provides the swank Caledon Mountain Trout Club near Toronto with odds and ends of his carcass to be processed into the only artificially contrived food that will make a man raised trout taste the way a trout should taste

In the end he gives up his last possession to be pickled and sent to the West Indies and North Africa — his tail Like a lanky thing for us that he will probably keep on producing until pigs have wings ★

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V-14

What Makes Clair of the Argos Click?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

yor boys are spread all over it," he begins standing in the middle of a big circle of players wearing the khaki duck football pants white T-shirt and the dirty blue baseball cap he always wears for practices. "I can't keep an eye on all of you and I wouldn't if I could. You're grown men. You can break training if you want to and I may not know about it. But just remember it'll show in your work. If you're not in shape you won't be around."

They know he means it. Red Pellagrue a centre from Kansas, came to org club last year after a season at Regina where he had a reputation of being hard to handle. Frank admired his playing, quality and signed him, figuring, he could keep him in line. There was no aggravation of trouble. Red played outstanding ball for Frank and was one of our most valuable players.

Worry? I'll say he worries, but he's a constructive worrier. If we lose a game on a Saturday Frank impatiently waits to get the movies of it on Monday afternoon. We go to his office under Varsity Stadium to study the film—and never get away before three a.m. By nine the same morning Frank is back at the stadium to study the film some more looking for our mistakes, trying to find why the other team plays worked and ours didn't.

Staring at movies like that is laborious, tedious eye-straining work but Frank can get more out of a hundred feet of film than any coach I've ever been with. I remember one play to which Benny Macdonnell of Ottawa fullback, made consistently good gains against us on an off-tackle smash. I ran that play on the projector at least a dozen times, until I was sick of looking at it. Then I moved the film on.

"Just a minute, John," Frank said. "Let's see that once more." He watched the play as intently as if he were seeing it for the first time.

"Do you notice," he said, "how Macdonnell drops his right shoulder when he's going to carry the ball?" It was true, but it was almost imperceptible on the film. Just before the ball was snapped the fullback in anticipation of taking the ball from the quarterback dropped his shoulder a little, probably a tendon reflex. The next time we played Ottawa our linemen watched for the giveaway sign that the ball was going to him and converged on Macdonnell the instant the centre snapped the ball. He didn't have a chance to get a foot.

Then there was the time Frank and I went to Montreal to scout a Sunday game between the Alouettes and Hamilton Game (Choo Choo) Roberts, who plays for Ottawa now, was having a big day for the Tigers, busting through the line on a delayed buck for long gains. We had a game coming up with Montreal so Frank went to our movies of games we'd played against them. We looked at nothing but plays in which Roberts took handoffs from quarterback George Ratterman on that delayed buck. After three solid hours of it Frank broke his silence.

"Watch his feet this time," he said. I watched and nothing registered.

"I think he's drop-stepping a mount early," Frank said. "What he means was that Roberts was moving his right foot back a little just before the ball was snapped—when he was to receive it. I looked for it and sure enough, he was.

I hurried our line before the Montreal game on Roberts' small retreat movement. Early in the first quarter Ratterman called his signals and just before the ball was snapped Roberts took his little step. Immediately our linemen shouted "Roberts!" and at least three of them spilled into the Alouette backfield and belted Roberts the instant he had the ball. Montreal tried that play again in the fourth quarter. We spotted through when the gang shouted "Roberts!" and threw him for another loss. We never saw the play again all season. If Frank hadn't spotted the tip-off in the movies Roberts might have ripped us up the same way he did Hamilton. Little things like that make the difference between finishing in the playoffs or out of them.

Frank is outwardly calm but like most coaches he has nervous stomach trouble every season. Meals are a headache for his wife Pat who knows that even if she were the world's finest cook everything would be so much French fried sawdust to Frank after a losing game. "It's not so much that he complains about the food," Pat says wearily, "it's just that he doesn't even notice it."

Pat, though, is well trained for the job of being a coach's wife. All her life she's lived in the game-mad needles atmosphere of a coach's home. Her father, Bill Bausman, was basketball coach at Purdue University in Indiana, a real hotbed basketball state. Pat's a quiet easy-going girl who takes her husband's tension in stride.

Frank doesn't keep a scrapbook and affects to have no interest in clippings. But of Pat muses one she hears about it. Although she is a stickler for details and a worrier, Frank is one of the few coaches I've come across who has no superstitions. His attitude is that if players perform the way they've been taught he shouldn't have to worry about stepping on chalk lines or sitting in lucky positions.

Clear never bawls out a player in the presence of his teammates. He calls him into his office and says it to him there alone. Players appreciate that, nothing is more humiliating than to be "cut out" publicly.

I wouldn't call Frank single minded he's always open to suggestions from anybody—but once he's made up his mind, that's it. Period. He'd never let a player, like George Ratterman say take over part of the coaching. Ratterman was the most bollyhooed American ever to play in Canada. He'd been a star quarterback of the Buffalo Bills, my old pro club, and of the New York Yankees after a final legal career at Notre Dame. The Montreal Alouettes paid him something like twenty thousand dollars for their twelve-game schedule and he never did live up to expectations. Yet it have to rail him Canadian football's biggest flop at least in the last dozen years. My point is that with direction, George could have been one of the best quarterbacks ever seen in Canada. But he had virtually a free hand at Montreal—or so it appeared to us—and very few ball clubs succeed when one player gets bigger than the coach. On our club you could bring in Ratterman, or a fifty-thousand-a-year quarterback for that matter and he'd play the way Clair told him or he wouldn't be around long. On our club Frank is the boss.

That applies to the executive, too. No coach can succeed if there's interference from above and Frank has never had any from Dr. Argonaut directors. When Al Dekdebrun, who quarterbacked us to the Grey Cup in 1950, was released in 1951 and replaced by Nobby Wirkowski there were rumors Frank had been ordered to fire him. That simply wasn't so. Long before there was any hint of Dekdebrun's and Frank suspected there was something wrong with his arm.

"He's not throwing right," he said worriedly one night. "Let's look at the movies."

The pictures confirmed that Dekdebrun wasn't throwing any long passes and just an occasional short one. As the Oct. 1 deadline for cutting players approached, Frank told me his decision one night after practice.

"He arm's dead, John," Frank said. "I don't blame him for denying it and I hate like hell telling him. But we aren't going anywhere with a sore armed quarterback."

He knew there'd be repercussions because Dekdebrun was popular in Toronto. The decision was all the tougher because they'd known each other in Buffalo where Dekdebrun had a sporting goods store and Frank had been football coach at the University of Buffalo and Frank had brought Dekdebrun to Toronto in 1950.

This is the roughest part of coaching," Frank said. "What a picnic the wolves will have with me."

The newspapers really went to work on that one. Some of the writers inferred Dekdebrun had been fired because of an earlier run-in with one of the executives. Many fans pelted by one paper were outspoken about Clair's high handed attitude, as they called it. Wirkowski, our new quarterback, got a lot of hoots and catcalls.

It was typical of Frank, though that

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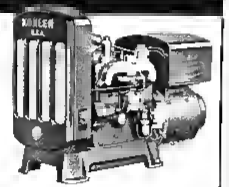
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the storm didn't affect him at all. He has as much confidence in his football judgment that I knew he'd rather have public opinion against him than to go against his own judgment just for the sake of appeasing people.

Incidentally, Argos still owned Dekdebrun's contract when Alouettes bid for his services as a defensive quarterback this season and Frank was genuinely glad to give Al a boost back into the big time by agreeing to his sale to Montreal, even though Clair was fully aware Dekdebrun will be doing his darndest especially when he plays against us, to prove that the Argo coach was wrong in the first place.

As it was it took a season and a half for Frank's judgment on Wirkowski to be vindicated and it finally came only because we won the Grey Cup with Wirkowski last season. Nobby is not a colorful player and it took that long for his ability to register with the fans. Yet his record shows only eight pass interceptions against him in eighteen games last season. Tom O'Malley, who was good enough to quarterback the Ottawa Rough Riders to the Grey Cup in 1951, had six interceptions in one game. Nobby threw four touchdown passes in one game I recall and every one was far better than forty yards. What does a guy have to do?

I've heard it said Frank calls our plays either by signals from the bench or by sending instructions to Wirkowski. That is nonsense. Sure they have frequent consultations. When our defensive platoon goes to Wirkowski comes to the bench and discusses strategy with the coach. Frank makes suggestions but it's Nobby's ball club when he's on the field.

I remember a game last season in which we intercepted a pass at the Ottawa thirty-yard line and Nobby ran out with the rest of the offensive squad before he'd had much time to confer with Clair.

"Dammit, John, I should have told him," Frank said as our team went into its huddle. "This would be the place for that new pass."

Nobby called his signals then flipped a pass to our end, Zeke O'Connor for a touchdown. It was precisely the play Frank had in mind.

Mostly Frank Clair sticks to good fundamental football but when the situation calls for a complicated play he can really come up with it—like the most important single play we pulled off all last season. Many fans will remember it was the sixty-eight-yard touchdown pass from Nobby Wirkowski to Rod Smylie which eliminated Hamilton from the Big Four playoffs. On that play four Argo receivers ran downfield. Smylie uncovered, took the pass for the score which broke a tie with six minutes to play. A lot of fans thought it was a fluke. It was anything but. There was a good reason why Smylie was the receiver—and why he was uncovered.

That one play took four games to incubate. Preparing for the big playoff series with Hamilton Frank studied movies of our last scheduled game with the Tiger Cats. In the fourth quarter a similar play came up except that in this case the pass was intended for one of the other receivers, not Smylie.

"Say," Frank said quietly, "that back's starting to wander."

"What back?"

"That fellow who's supposed to be covering Smylie. Look."

I ran a few more feet of the reel. As Frank said, Smylie's man was watching the ball go to one of the other receivers and when he caught it—he was Al Bruno, our great pass-receiving end—Smylie's man was rushing over to help tackle him.

We ran the film through from the looking for plays on which Wirkowski had the option of passing to any one of our four receivers. We saw that the first time it came up Smylie was being closely watched. As the passes continued to go to other receivers, though, Smylie's man got more and more eager to help out.

"I'll tell Nobby about it," Frank said. "Maybe we can make something out of it."

We whipped the Tiger-Cats by sixteen points in the final game over in Hamilton but they came back to Varsity Stadium and Carl Veylie the Hamilton coach who is every bit as studious as Frank had set up a wonderful offense. Twenty-five thousand people sat in the rain that Wednesday afternoon and saw Hamilton make a truly remarkable comeback. When the game ended the score was tied on the two-game round and we had to go into a third game on Saturday.

All this time we hadn't thrown a long pass to Rod Smylie. Frank wanted Rod a man to get sick of looking at him never getting the ball.

A Setup for Smylie

I thought Hamilton was going to run us out of the stadium in the first quarter of the final game. They got ahead 7-0 before we even had the ball in their territory but then we settled down and by the half it was 7-7.

With six minutes to play the score was still 7-7 and Hamilton was in our territory when Ed Sneddon who had intercepted fourteen passes during the season, came up with another interception. As our offensive platoon ran on the field, Nobby stopped up to Frank as he pulled on his helmet.

"Do you think this is the place, coach?" he asked.

Frank nodded. "Call it on first down," he said.

At Nobby faded for a pass our four receivers charged downfield. It looked like another pass to Bruno as that great pass-catcher broke for the sidelines. Meanwhile Rod Smylie was running down the middle of the field as he'd been doing all along. His man picked him up and started to run with him and then, as Nobby seemed to be looking for Bruno Smylie's man moved over toward Bruno.

Rod was in the clear now, running straight toward the Hamilton goal line. Nobby let go a long arching pass down the middle. Rod took it in his arms on the run. There wasn't a man within ten yards of him. He scored the touchdown that made us the Big Four champions. And it all went back to our own private movie entitled Frank Clair.

Frank, who turned thirty-six last May 12, played college football for old Francis (Close-the-Gates-of-Mercy) Schmidt at Ohio State under an athletic scholarship. He had turned down offers from Kentucky, Indiana and Notre Dame. At junior high school in his home town Hamilton Ohio the mathematics teacher, who also coached the football team, almost persuaded him he'd never be a football player. He was a tall skinny kid in the eighth grade when he turned out for football.

But in high school Frank filled out. He made the team and developed into an outstanding end. After college he had one season with the professional Washington Redskins and had signed for 1942 when the army beckoned. He went overseas with the 14th Armored Division and after V-E Day played football with a service team.

That's when he decided he wanted to coach. He was the service team's line coach and got more satisfaction watching his line respond to his instruction than he'd ever got out of playing. So instead of rejoining the Redskins and got king size reminders.

expedition was the topic of conversation at the trading post all last winter.

Fort Albany is a stomping ground for that uncrowned head Canadian conservationist, Harry F. McLean, better known as Mr. X, the man who gives money away. His lavish gifts to the natives frequently upset the local economy. McLean now in his seventies is an excellent shot.

The white hunters do their shooting from double blinds with their guides in smaller ones beside them. The Indian guides in the birds as the hunters crouch in the blind with heads down. When the geese are in easy range the Indians shouts "Shoot!" and the men rise and let fly. If they shoot when told they almost invariably get the bird quickly. However one southern Ontario resort owner on a holiday of his own used twenty boxes of twenty-five shells to get ten birds in establishing an all time record for terrible marksmanship.

After the first day hotter marksmen pass up the head-on and going away shots as the birds pass over the blinds in favor of difficult side shots of fifty yards or more. They also pass up the young birds which are distinguished by black heads and necks.

When four or five good marksmen shoot from adjacent blinds at a single flock of twenty-five, the sky seems to rain geese. Experts can knock down two or three each. The birds plummeting down as though a trap door was opened beneath them are formidable missiles. Clarence Parsons of Philadelphia was knocked unconscious last year by a hefty bird which struck him squarely on the head. He was nursing a mother and didn't see it coming.

The rate for the hunt is $255 a person for parties of five and $280 for parties of four. That includes the return plane trip across the wilderness and everything except ammunition tips for the guides and a fee of twenty cents per goose which the hunter pays the Indian women for plucking.

About the only thing that can stop even a poor marksman from getting his full limit on each day of the five day stay is the federal game laws. These allow a season quota of twenty-five birds taken at the rate of five a day, but they also allow possession of only ten at one time. Unless he can ship geese on a plane that happens to be going out or can eat a lot of them the hunter frequently has to stop shooting after the second day. Hughes thinks that a more practical limit would be fifteen in possession and fifteen also as a full season's bag. Although there's no quota enforced among the Indians four special RCMP officers are stationed in the James Bay area to see that whites stay within the limits.

Wildlife officials are satisfied that at present natural propagation more than takes care of the numbers of geese shot in Canada. However some American writers have claimed the birds are slaughtered by the Cajuns of Louisiana after they get there for the winter.

At James Bay a man who has his quota of geese can turn in hunting hair seals in the Albany River. "Hair seals, weighing up to three hundred pounds are abundant in the region. There are polar bears too. During my visit to the camp Dr. Georgi Sutrell of the Canadian Wildlife Service reported that one of the bears was wandering about the mouth of the river a few miles away. They are protected.

About one goose in every twenty-five is a lesser snow goose. The lesser snow is a white bird with jet black wingtips. It's identical in size with the blue and flies with the blues in the Arctic, at James Bay and at Louisiana, as though it were a mimic of the family. Large flocks of lesser snows also fly down the west coast of America.

Biologists are currently trying to determine whether a radical bird mutation has been taking place in the Arctic breeding grounds whereby lesser snow geese are becoming blue geese. The Indians report that years ago all the geese were white. They insist the blues and snows are the same creatures in spite of the radical difference in plumage. They may be right. Stirrett says.

Records of the Hudson's Bay Company show that in 1900 there were only four blues to every ninety-six snows when the flocks came down from the north in ratio which is today exactly reversed. When Dr. I. Dewey Soper of the Canadian Wildlife Service found the breeding grounds on Southampton

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Inland and Baffin Island in 1928 the birds outnumbered the snows ninety five to five on Baffin. On Southampton the snows outnumbered the blues forty to one but by 1940 the ratio had dropped to eight to one. And when Ottawa biologist Graham Cooch visited Southampton this past summer he found only four snows to one blue.

Cooch has been spying snows in the nests of blues and blues in the nests of snows. And about fifty percent of the blues were mated with snows. This seems to constitute overwhelming evidence that the hybrids are new and the same. Yet with scientific caution the biologist said he didn't feel qualified to give a final opinion.

The birds Cooch studied at the nesting grounds flew mild little fellows. They were made earthbound by inferior wing feathers. With the help of two Eskimos Cooch banded five thousand in two and a half days. The birds were driven like cattle into a circular pen with one gate and trapped there. At one time the biologist and the Eskimos had fifteen thousand birds walking ahead of them as honking, crying Eskimos from Baffin Island said that in the past they sometimes walked the geese a hundred miles to their camps where they killed them.

Though the Eskimo thinks the blue bird the snow bird of the same family he realizes that there is a difference in the birds. He favors the blue and terms it *kang-o-suk* meaning expressive, more aggressive. When the birds are flying the Eskimo can tell them almost as well as the Indian further south.

An Indian goose camp is complete with wives, children and dogs whose right howling mingles with the lefty wails of the birds in the autumnal boreal dances to the pale of the sky. The Indians stagger into camp laden with the birds which the women pluck and clean. A mallard rests up the flesh and smokes it for five days in a tent or places it in a brine barrel. In late season when frost settles in the native hunter frequently leaves geese hanging in the rafters of willows. He picks them up during the winter.

Children run about the camp playing a goose game of their own in which they learn to mimic the calls. One boy carries a pair of wings on the end of a stick and the others make calls to them. They toss stones at the wings and the boy who knocks them down gets the right to carry the stick.

When a flock passes directly over the camp men, women and children rush from the tents to call the birds. A dozen shotguns blast away. But never at the same geese. An Indian doesn't like parking buckshot in his meat.

A single shotgun shell is a major possession to most natives. A hunter who doesn't get more than twenty birds with twenty five shells is disgusted with the waste. He rejoices when a single shell brings down two birds. Sometimes he gets three with one. Many heads of families obtain rifle from the Department of National Health and Welfare during the goose season instead of food under the Family Allowances Act. According to the rules of families they get one two or three boxes. Many pick up the casings after every round and reload them.

The departure of the *nation* from James Bay is sudden. One day the flats are a veritable metropolis of goosedom alive with the honking birds. Then black clouds scud down from the north on a biting wind. Snow drives across the flats collecting in the sedge grass, covering the well used blinds. That night the Indians in their tents hear the great flocks gathering in the sky. When dawn comes the birds are gone. The sun struggles down on an empty world. ★

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LA PROVINCE DE Québec

The Pilgrimage Into Paradise

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

tonight. They need a teacher. They have a claim to me." He drew a deep breath. "I am accepting a post on the Paradise Valley Reserve to teach for the coming year."

So it wasn't to be a flight that journey to the mountains. She had been reassuring herself over and over that the Carlyle Sinclairs had not been running away from anything.

JOE drove with their old friend the Senator sitting beside him. Carlyle and Grace rode Hugh in the back. The wide and shallow valley of the river was lush. The reeds of sweet clover and the blue of lupine blended till the eye saw them as lavender shadow. They stopped for lunch. Hugh came back to the car with a handful of orange flame she took the lilies from him with their freckled throats, the petals crisp above silver stems and leaves.

Joe took his place at the wheel and they rolled through the cattle guard on their way again. It was truly a lovely valley with the main range to the northwest now a continuous parade of rock peaked or broken here and there, still veined with snow. Directly ahead they could see the truncated brisk of Flat Top Daughter of the Mist reasoned stately. Carlyle pointed out that the plow-sharing curve of Lookout was not visible and the Senator explained that it lay behind Chimney Mountain was always hidden from view the length of Paradise Valley.

Their descent took them within sight of the river. They caught glimpses of its narrow ribbon the glacial green of all mountain streams deep between the chasm of hundred feet cut banks of grey rock and shale. For the rest of their trip the road followed the river carefully.

For half an hour the car rolled over the spread expanse of a long meadow. The Senator announced that they were in the reservation sixty thousand acres had been since the last gate. Joe turned the car off the road and onto a deep rutted trail that angled south. To the north ran a tan and green line of hills burthed with buckbrush for all the world like the ribcage bodies of buffalo at a distance fixed in the act of grazing. At the head of the valley the true mountains stood, great glacial forts against the late afternoon sky presenting first a vista of gloomy pine then upreared red rocky disorder crenelled and fluted and barred with radiance. The head must lift far eyes to attain the sterile peaks gauzed with light cloud.

They crossed the river on a wooden bridge then, rearing a stand of spruce, they came upon the Agency buildings. To Grace they looked little different from the clutterings of ranch buildings they had passed on their way out. She recognized instantly the school building with its regularly spaced windows its pitch roofed porch and the long low red stables for the children's horses, the outdoor toilet discreetly back by the trees that lined the river bank. The other buildings lined the road at a distance apart of perhaps a hundred yards: a high white building of two stories, which she guessed to be the agent's home; a small pyramid roofed cottage badly in need of paint on sides and shingles then a rambling brown log structure. In the screened porch along the front of the log house she saw the barrel and the rest of their household effects and knew then that this was to be their home in Paradise Valley.

Mr. Sheridan the agent met them; he asked them to come to his house for supper and for the night or for as long as they might require to get the log house in shape. It had been unoccupied for two years now and would probably take some airing. He was sorry that Mrs. Sheridan wasn't here to help him welcome them; she would be away for another two weeks, she always left the reserve for a sort of holiday in July. Mr. Diggle the minister was away on summer leave.

He led them into the head house; there in the light of a muzzle lamp Grace had a better look at him. He was a slight nervous little man probably in his late sixties. With the coffee he rolled himself a cigarette refusing a cigar offered by the Senator. Later he showed them to rooms on the second floor. Just as she dropped off to sleep in the stillness of the mountain night she heard a coyote howl out in the hills. The sigh of the wind through the pines was reassuring.

The Senator had left with Joe before Carlyle and Grace came down in the morning. Mr. Sheridan handed them a ring of keys, pointing out which were for the house which for the school. The house came first. They entered the back door through a shed and the kitchen were instantly surprised in smartness and the rivet smell of paint. From the kitchen they went into a living room of brown log chinked with plaster. The white bare raggerated its bigness and the lowness of the ceiling. In one corner stood a square stove with black pipe that elbowed sharply at the ceiling, went flying across to the other end of the



room to join the fireplace chimney there. Small high windows lined the front porch side. There were two boyline bedrooms opening on either side of the kitchen door.

As they stood surveying their new home, there came a tapping on the back door. Carlyle went to it. He opened it to reveal an Indian in a long black frock coat, a squat man in his seventies, perhaps thick of lip with nostrils flaring to give his nose a squash ed look.

Mr Sinclair?' It was a deep voice that vibrated against Carlyle's chest.

the cadences of the pulpit were there. "Yes?"

"I am Ezra — Ezra Shet Close. I came over to shake your hand."

He did, then extended it to Grace. She saw that the coat was of ancient nut with six cloth-covered buttons, then looking into his face with the teuting eyelids, the broad nose she felt that one thing was missing, a lot — he was more like an old Hawaiian chief.

"I also come to tell you there was gonna be a meetin'. This meetin' is gonna be held in the dance tent Tomorrow night at seven. The meetin' is for you, Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Sinclair too." He stared for a moment at Hugh. "It is to welcome you to Paradise Valley from us Indians. MacLean Pawdurface will call for you and he will take you there."

He was silent a moment, not with awkwardness but with a natural relaxation waiting to hear their response to the invitation. His eyes turned from Carlyle to Grace, to Carlyle again.

"Think you," said Carlyle. "We'll — that will be fine, Mr Shet Close."

"If there's anything you want — if you could use some boys, they will carry in anything you want."

"Thanks," said Grace. "Perhaps we will — later — this afternoon. Our things are in the porch."

"I'll send them. God be praised!"

Grace and Carlyle walked over to the schoolhouse together after Ezra had left them. They stood just inside the door by a stone water jar; to the left of them the pot-bellied stove which warmed the building. At the dead front of the room there hung a picture each of the King and Queen staring out over empty desks with the unpersonality usually reserved for icons. They walked slowly around the back of the room looking at the magazine pictures and cut-outs adorning the wall: a plump-cheeked girl in the muddy mud skirt of Canadian Girls in Training held her hands up in horror. LET'S FACE IT — NOBODY WANTS A COLD! Then at the side door, where the children would see it at noon and recess and after four: BE SURE YOU WASH YOUR HANDS. Grace paused for a moment to stare at a calendar advertising cattle vaccines and serums: a Russell painting. Tight Dally And Loose Latigo. It showed a bearded cowboy standing with all weight in one stirrup of a saddle as about to climb under his horse's belly, his latter foot to a plunging Texas longhorn.

Then she saw the framed verses with illuminated letters, done in almost Gothic script:

God has not promised
Skies ever blue
Flower strewn pathways,
Blessings for you.

God has not promised
Sun without rain
Joy without sorrow
Peace without pain.

But He has promised
Strength from above
Unfailing sympathy
Undying love.

Staring at the framed verses Grace knew that they had in a sense met another resident of Paradise Valley, without sight or sound or touch they had made the acquaintance of the absent Rev. Mr. Dingle. Carlyle a predecessor in the schoolroom.

BEHIND the Agency buildings the land lifted in three wide steps, each cut a meadowing expanse edged with pines and dotted with copses of the seventy-five families that comprised the Paradise Valley band. As Mr. Sheridan had explained to Grace and Carlyle, this group was a minor tribe of the Pegans, in turn a branch of Sioux who had worked their way west through unfriendly Blackfoot and Cree to settle in the mountains, the most defensible position they could find. More than a century ago they had been lakuted hunters and trappers when they had finally taken treaty in the Seventies they had voluntarily abusen this land gureness with game and the wealth of pelts. They trapped little now, shot deer and elk and moose only when the lash of hunger drove them to it, relying upon the bounty of the Canadian government in the form of hand rations, the ten dollar-a-head treaty money paid them yearly, supplemented periods of seasonal work they obtained from the ranchers nearby in haying time in harvest, fencing rail and post cutting. Once or twice a year there was a per-capita distribution of money from the sale of the calf crop from the communal herd of cattle.

The reserve land was excellent cattle land. Mr. Sheridan told them. He did not speak with great warmth of the Paradise people: his talks with the Ezra-Shet Close consisting mostly of warning advice: don't give them any begging letters, don't let them get into the habit of coming into the house, don't lend them any money, don't take any back talk from the younger ones, don't let young Hugh mix with their children, don't rely on their word for they were awful liars and never kept a promise, be sure that the school was locked after four and the house of course if they ever left it. Above all, watch out for Ernest Lafthand: he was a rascal and a troublemaker, an enfranchised Indian who actually should not be living on the reserve. He had a natural shrewdness and enough education to make him a certain problem. There was one like him on every reserve.

Mr. Sheridan managed to impart to them a great deal of cautioning information before the meeting to which Ezra Shet Close had invited them. Just after supper of the night of the meeting, MacLean Pawdurface, as Ezra had promised, drew up before the house with a team and democrat. He tapped at the back door, entered at Carlyle's invitation, stood with a crushed and sweat stained Stetson in his hands. He was a slight, small man with a wildly aroused eye.

"Democrat is waitin'," he said and smiled, his eyes darting into every corner of the kitchen at once.

Carlyle asked him to take a chair until Grace was ready, the man affectatively behind his brushy head and sat down by the stove. "You're MacLean Powderface," Carlyle made conversation.

Again the head bobbed, the battered hat working round in nervous hands. There was a pause in the worrying movement, his broad mouth pursed suddenly as though he were about to whistle, his chin came up and out, the eyes squinted almost shut, the cords of his neck stood out, and veins at his temples swelled. "Yuh huh yuh—"

His head was jerking with the reflexive quickness of a dog's hind foot when it is tickled just right in the ribs. Carlyle jumped up from his chair: was the man about to have a seizure, a fit of some sort?

"You all right—are you—?

"Yuh huh yuh—" MacLean's mouth was open now and the tongue had visibly shaven to the roof, saliva sprayed generously. The tongue came loose with the explosive pop of a cork from a bottle. "Huh yuh yes. That's one."

Carlyle's breath left him in a sigh of relief and he settled back into his chair. "Thought you were ill. You—you have trouble—"

MacLean grinned delightedly. "Awful ain't it? Just Eng Eng—I don't do it just when I speak Eng—The lips come out to whistle again, the head begun to jerk.

"When you speak English," Carlyle finished up quickly for him.

MacLean's face relaxed. "That's

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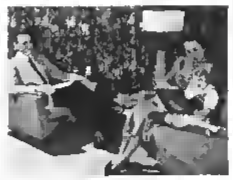
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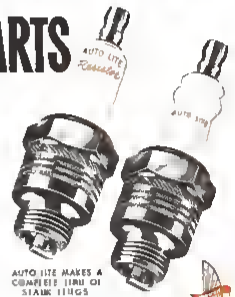
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right. None of my kids—Louise or Tut-Tools or Grh Gatins—just me."

"That's too bad," said Carlyle.

MacLean shrugged. "You get any kids?"

"One," said Carlyle. "A son."

"That's nice."

At that moment Grace entered the room. MacLean got to his feet.

"This is MacLean Powderface," Carlyle introduced him.

"Hello, MacLean." Grace held out her hand.

MacLean started to take it, then his mouth pursed. "Puh pee-puh puh huh! huh-huh puh!" His hands were clutched into fists. Grace shot a concerned look to Carlyle.

"He stutters."

"Oh." Grace's voice was sympathetic.

MacLean's tongue cracked free. "I'm-I'm right." He took Grace's hand still outstretched and shook it energetically.

GRACE judged the dance tent in which the gathering was held to be almost seventy-five feet long, thirty wide. It was pitched in a clearing near the Agency brass and cornets. Ezra Shot Close met them and introduced them before they entered the tent to a half-dozen old men the councillors of the band.

Grace did her best as she shook hands with each in turn to fix them in her memory. There was Jonas One-Spot with his rag-skimped braids and their snakelike grey paintbrush tips, standing with legs slightly apart, knees bent and shaking with palsy. His was a caved red toothless and sexless face the small eyes were almost lost in wrinkles at the lower rims of each trembled a clear tear that could have been distilled from the pearly clouds covering the pupils. The corners of his mouth were drawn back in a smile of fixed and bereft anticipation, as though his ears awaited the hearing of some delightful thing his blind eyes could not see.

There was John Roll-In-The-Mud with snowy hair, his narrow temples and prominent cheekbones gave him a death's-head appearance though he was obviously a younger one than Jonas. Deep furrows ran down past the corners of his sickle-shaped mouth.

When introductions were done they entered the tent. Women in blankets with infants in their laps, lined the walls their brilliant kerchiefs and the pink grey yellow blue orange and white rimmed glasses soothing eyes of old and young alike fogged with trachomal cataract and years of snow glare struck the beholder with the impact of a mixed poppy bed in full red vivid bloom. Empty baking powder tins were spread around the dirt floor. There the new fur had rounded boxes going from hard to hard, most of the congregation were chewing snoose, and the tins were for spitting.

Ezra led them to a row at the end of the tent and there was a gesture of invitation toward a cracked leather car seat. "Will you sit down here, please?" He left them and strode to the centre of the tent.

"This here meetin' goan na be opened now—sung by the hymn books."

This black books appeared in brown hands the Indian to Grace's left touched her gently on the elbow and she turned to see an proffered for herself and Carlyle.

Legs around the sides uncrossed themselves, the tent rang with staccato song in their tribal tongue. It took several bars for Grace to recognize the camp-meeting lilt of Rescue The Perishing.

The hymn came to a ragged end. Ezra Shot Close raised both hands above his head. brought them slowly down.

"I'm gonna pray."

The bright kerchiefs around the tent lowered together like blossoms drooping, eyes closed and dark faces took on an irridescent rimost of pain.

"Heavenly Father, we're gathered here in this tent because we got a teacher now for our kids—Thy children. We thank Thee Heavenly Father, for sendin' us this teacher, we're grateful to Ottawa for sendin' us this teacher for teachin' our kids for us. While I'm at it, I want to thank Yor for these people too, for the no frost this spring so's three gonna be berries for pickin' up in the fall. And for the fencin' there is now for some of these people on Moon's place and the turkey track and so on and for the hayin' and for the thrashin' that may come later for these people that just want to work a little while without a starvation. But the main thing now in this teacher, Mr Sinclair and his wife that come to live amongst us. We needed him and Thou sent him to us. Well—thanks. We all know we lost the good life of the Indian and before the white savages come to this country these people had a good livin'—never hungry for himself and for his home. Heavenly Father we lost that now. Those days we had buffalo hides for wigwams that were windproof, cold-proof. Now we got canvas tepees, and the wind blows through. Heavenly Father, and the children get sick out of it. Hold on Lord, I'm comin' back to Mr Sinclair. You sent us to a mirade. As I said it—we lost all that now—and still there isn't anything yet in its place is there? No Heavenly Father, there is not yet. The old Indian good living and the new white people way—these people are between that now. Here is where this teacher You sent us comes in. I will explain. We want to make homes like the white people make. we want to grow vegetables like the white people grow. We want to live the white people's way now and put the suffering out of our souls. I know the old people cannot do this, Heavenly Father, I guess this isn't possible for some of the young ones too. I guess there will always be the ones from about twenty years old and on up that will go right on havin' blanket marriages and not gettin' these sanctified in Thy sight the way I keep harping at them to do it. I know there will always be some that will not bring their infants around to be baptized in Thy name but You take the yearg ones Lord—the kids and the like of that. Those are the ones! Especially in tepees where their father and mother make them speak English—these are the ones Mr Sinclair will teach to read and write. These are the ones that will live the white man's way and there is why we thank You for sendin' us Mr Sinclair to teach them and educate them and make this possible. We are thankful to You. And another thing while I am here—maybe You would work it so that Prince Lefthand would see the error of his ways and return the 30 30 Jig Dance says he took from the tepee when he was into town last Tuesday and no questions asked. In the name of Jesus Christ who died for us all. Amen."

In the hush that attended the end of Ezra's prayer a meadow lark just outside the tent spilled its bright quick notes and just as quickly Grace was remembering again a meadow lark that had sung many years ago. It had been during their university years when she and Carlyle had walked along the river. Fall. They could see the birch sloping gardens across from them; someone was burning leaves, for straight lifting smoke rose to a trembling thread high



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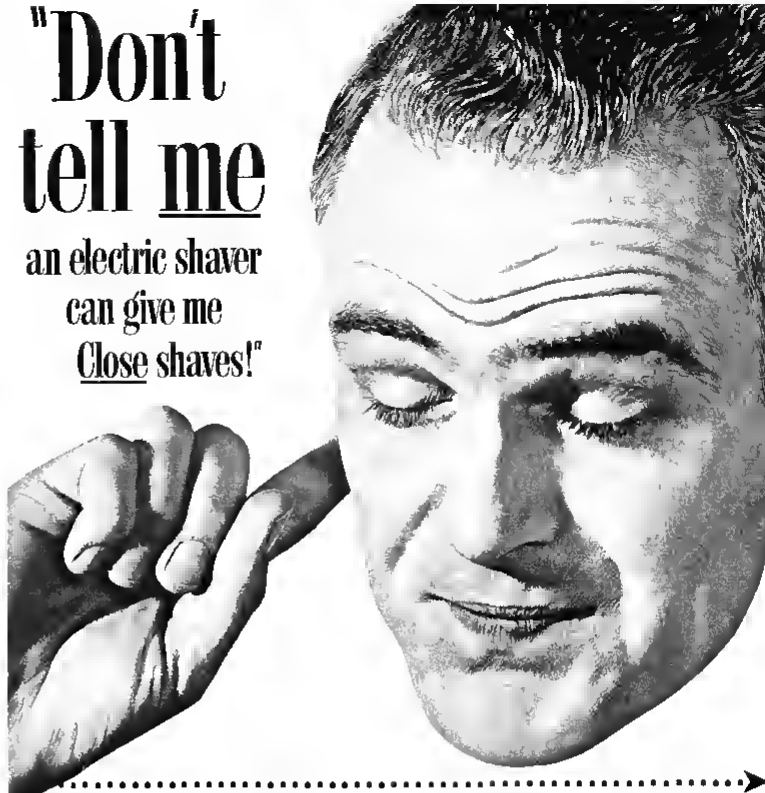
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MONTREAL QUEBEC

in the still air family the smell of it had come to them.

Grace had said that it reminded her of home.

Carlyle had been silent a moment on that far-off day near the university campus. Then he had told her that it reminded him of home too—home and hell—and something else.

"What else?" She did not turn her head to him as she stared out over the river.

He did not answer staring at the clear curve of her cheek slightly flushed by the fine fairness of her hair.

What else does it remind you of, Carlyle? She was looking at him now.

"Of my mother. I can't smell wood smoke—bonfire smoke—without thinking of her. It's funny how things get tied up together. She died when I was six."

"Do you remember her?"

"I did—I think—until I was eight or nine. I think I could remember her quite vividly. I could see her face if I wanted to. In bed just before I went to sleep I could *make* myself see her. I could even recall how her voice sounded. That would be when I put my face against her jacket."

"It hung in the attic. Buckskin. I remember how it smelled like pepper—wild—smoky. Perhaps that's why the smell of wood smoke or leaves burning is so—has excitement for me."

He went over to light his cigarette. And then I can remember—I could—I recall her quite so clearly—just a year before I had known her better and that next year she would be dimmer still. I cried. I told my father about it. He looked at Grace. "My father met her in England—when he was doing postgraduate work in London. She was on a concert tour there. Her stage name was Eagle Woman. Her real name was Margaret Clifton Wells. She was—"

"Oh, Car! You mean Lodge-pole Ballads Sung For A Blacklist Child—"

"She was the daughter of a remittance rancher and a Blood Indian woman. Magistean Amos-Amos—my grandmother. Until she died four years ago my father and I used to go summers to see her on the Blood Reserve."

But, Car, why haven't you told me before?"

"It—it isn't easy to do, Grace—"

"Oh—I know. I know. But darling, why should you hesitate to tell me? You didn't think—you couldn't—"

"No." He looked down at the ground. "No. I knew now."

He continued to look down at the ground in the waiting silence. Some where a meadow lark sang. A wind from nowhere stirred the bushes along the river bank into dry rustling.

Her arms were on his shoulders, her cheek against his and then, were simply the two of them holding each other desperately.

NOW Ezra's hands had come down. Then followed a sudden cool furious burst of eloquence that set off as suddenly as it had started—began. Stopped. Tush up again and was finished.

That's all," said Ezra. "If you will please step up one at a time I will let you meet Mr. Sinclair and his wife, Mrs. Sinclair."

Yes yes Ezra. Grace told herself as she rose from the old leather car seat of honor. I want to meet Carlyle's mother's people."

Next Issue CHAPTER TWO

The First Great Crisis

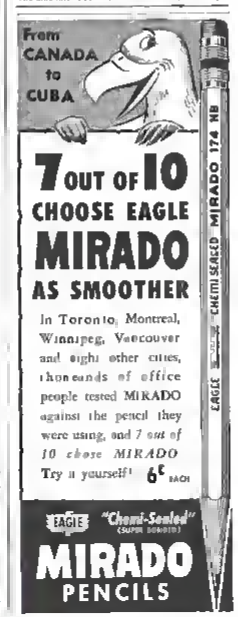


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Women Are Lousy Shoppers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

department-store president admitted that the widely used "made to sell for" phrase really should read "made to sell for but didn't." Dealing with stores with a money-back policy is, of course, an added safeguard.

Not long ago two stores in the same town advertised exactly the same dress in the same paper on the same day. One store priced it at $16.95 with no claim of reduction. The other advertised: "Sale! $10.95. Regularly $24.95." You have only one guess as to which store sold more dresses.

But if some comparative price ads are only a light gilding of the lily, many are grossly exaggerated and lead women into financial traps. A trade paper in the home-furnishing industry recently reported one store's success in selling lamps. The lamps cost twelve dollars wholesale. Under the normal markup they would retail for $18.95, and perhaps be offered at $18.95 on a sale special. But this store tagged them $29.95 for one week, then advertised: "Sale! Were $29.95. Now reduced to $18.95."

An internationally famous New York fashion shop was notorious in the merchandising trade for years because of its annual handbag "clearances." Women would wait for this sale for months and storm the counters to get the alleged bargains. Actually the handbags advertised as sharply reduced from the store's own stock were largely new merchandise brought in for the sale with some genuine clearance items sprinkled among them.

Some jewelry and fur businesses are equally notorious in the merchandising trades for exaggerating reductions.

This is not to say all clearances and special sales are fakes. Many offer excellent bargains if you know how to shop them. But the real mistake many women make is to let sellers' value claims be a substitute for their own comparison shopping, which is the only way to be sure you get good value. Many women compare *after* they buy, or sign a contract. A Vancouver woman allowed a firm to repair her chimneys without even enquiring the charge, let alone comparing bids. She later got a bill for four hundred and sixty-five dollars. Only then did she call in other firms and get estimates of seventy-two dollars and one hundred and twenty-four dollars. Then she squawked, and so persistently that the contractor finally settled for a hundred and fifty.

Daily the Better Business Bureaus across the country inform hundreds of indignant women that a seller can change any price he wants—there's no law against it. They are also constantly explaining that there is no legal obligation for a merchant to accept returns even if a customer did find later she could buy the item for less elsewhere. It's a matter of individual store policy. Some do, some don't; some will refund cash and some will only allow credit against new purchases.

Merchants themselves frequently criticize the practice of comparative price claims and say they would like to do away with them. Once a group of bedding manufacturers got together to try to clean up the fictitious price tags and claims of comparative value that abound in this type of merchandise. A manufacturer and a retailer got up and urged their colleagues to "reform" as they had. But according to a trade paper report—"they asserted it had not been easy to reform because the public likes to be hoodwinked."

Several years ago Bloomingdale's, one of the biggest New York department stores, decided it would try to be completely candid in its ads and quit all comparative price claims. Sales fell off so drastically the store returned to using them in a few weeks.

But if women are suckers for bargain claims with beautiful inconsistency they also often take for granted that if something is high-priced it must be good. A Toronto consumer-research expert tells about a chain store which offered a certain lipstick. It didn't sell well so the store knocked down the price. It still didn't sell and the price was reduced again with no better results. Then some minor merchandising genius had an inspiration and raised the price above its original tag. The stock promptly sold out.

One store deliberately tested buying psychology. It put out two piles of identical mattresses. One pile was priced at $59.50 with a trade name on it; the other was tagged $19.50 with the name removed. Those at the higher price outsold those at the lower by three to one.

The Association of Better Business Bureaus says women get hooked more often in buying new and used vacuum cleaners and sewing machines than on any other merchandise. In a period of high prices a fringe of shop-lifting sellers exploits the desire for lower prices on these much-wanted appliances with a technique known as the bait bargain. They advertise a recondi tioned cleaner at a fantastically low price (like sixteen ninety five). But when your wife gets to the store the bargain is, as they say in the trade, nailed to the floor. The salesman allows her



TRUE, it won't peel the potatoes or set the table—but so completely automatic is this Enterprise control panel that it cooks the whole dinner, following your instructions to the letter, whether you're at home or miles away!

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how poorly it works. In contrast he shows how much better she can clean with another machine—at a much higher price.

Currently there is a widespread outbreak of bad bargains on sewing machines too. The Vancouver Better Business Bureau recently found one company had opened up three sewing-machine stores under different names, all seemingly competing with each other in offering miraculous bargains.

Next to household appliances women get into trouble most often when they buy home-repair jobs, photos of their children, furniture and, surprisingly, women's clothing.

The most notorious example is the nylon-stocking situation. Women bitterly complain that nylon is not as strong now as the stuff used in the first nylon hose. In many families the expenditures for stockings are so big some husbands are now trying to get control of the situation and find a few facts. One man wrote me, "Before the war nylons would last from six months to a year. I now have to buy my wife one to two pairs a week at a cost of from fifty to a hundred dollars a year. Can't something be done about it?"

The answer to that question is that women might try to get some information about nylons. Most women don't even know what "gauge" and "denier" mean. The fact is the nylon thread is the same as it was, but women have been buying sheerer and sheerer hose. (The gauge is the number of threads to an inch and half of the stocking fabric; denier is the thickness of the threads.) Armed with those few facts a woman might be persuaded to reserve the fragile fifty-one-gauge fifteen-denier hose for dressing up and buy more durable fifty-one thirties for utility wear.

The same expensive ignorance is noticeable in the buying of other clothing items. A spokesman for the Better Business Bureau told me that currently there is a big outbreak of feminine complaints against dry-cleaning firms because of the many new types of materials coming on the market and the modern technique of blending different fibres in one fabric. A woman may send a cleaner a dress she believes is wool without understanding that it may be only eighty percent wool and the rest cotton, rayon or some other fibre. Since the cleaner isn't notified of the fabric content the dress doesn't get cleaned properly and it may even be ruined.

Even if that doesn't happen the lack of knowledge about a fabric leads women to waste money buying the wrong goods for a particular purpose. Here again the answer is knowledge of the difference between acetate and viscose rayon and what each is best suited for. Many complain that their expensive crepe dresses seem to get smaller and smaller long before they show signs of wear. They don't realize that's the nature of a crepy fabric and it shouldn't be bought by a woman of moderate means for a dress she won't wear often. Women also buy cotton blouses and dresses embossed to look like piqué. They're delighted with the pretty pattern. But they don't stop to find out if it is permanently embossed. If it isn't the pattern disappears at the first touch of an iron and the ladies are distraught.

Not that women are entirely to blame because many salespeople in the stores themselves don't know much more about fabrics. Labeling of fabrics, too, is woefully inadequate in Canada compared to the U. S. where the law requires that certain information as to fibre content be printed on the label.

Housewives are a special prey for door-to-door salespeople, a situation trade experts believe exists partly because they are lonely and welcome a chance to talk even to a canvasser.

Most recently families have been getting involved in food freezer plans that sometimes exaggerate the possible savings. Very often the husband participates in the decision to sign up for such a plan. Sometimes he even initiates it in the hope of cutting down food bills. But who is supposed to be the family expert on how much it costs to buy the other foods that aren't included in the plan and how much the retail markets charge for meat and frozen vegetables in comparison to the food plan? Who should be aware that depreciation and operating expense add to the cost of the food in the freezer? The lady of the house should be conscious that a side of beef at forty-nine cents a pound isn't all steaks but includes some cuts worth only a quarter a pound and obviously the cost of the steaks comes to much more than forty-nine cents.

The idea that something high priced must be good is especially destructive of food budgets. "I wouldn't feed my family cheap food," a woman angrily told me. Cheap in what sense? Lower grades have exactly the same nutrition as higher grades. They are graded lower generally only because they are less perfect in appearance, sometimes a little less tender, or there is a subtle distinction in flavor often lost anyway when combined with other foods.

An almost superstitious attitude toward food makes it possible for house-to-house canvassers to sell surprisingly high-priced sets of certain types of utensils by convincing both man and wife that it is unhealthy to cook in aluminum pots. For years all public health authorities have stated that aluminum is perfectly safe, but some families pay as much as two hundred and fifty dollars for sets of stainless-steel pots because salespeople convinced them aluminum can harm their families. If a family does prefer stainless steel pans it can buy them from regular retailers for half the price charged by some house-to-house sellers.

If a woman is going to buy her family the best value for its money she has to (1) learn some simple facts about merchandise and (2) use sophisticated shopping techniques.

Government agencies and other organizations publish impartial information on buying and using goods to best advantage. One of the best sources of such information is the Nutrition Division of the Department of National Health and Welfare, Ottawa, which publishes pamphlets on food values. Provincial health and social service departments also have useful pamphlets and suggestions. Welfare councils in the large cities are a source of excellent information on nutrition, food shopping and budgeting. So are women's organizations like the Canadian Association of Consumers, 1245 Wellington Street, Ottawa.

The Better Business Bureaus sell excellent little pamphlets on different types of merchandise and services for five cents each. (Bureaus are located in Halifax, Hull, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Toronto and Vancouver.) Many schools and women's organizations offer adult courses in these subjects.

As for the shopping techniques, here's basically the way a professional purchasing agent would approach the spending of that hundred thousand dollars women dispose of in a lifetime:

Compare before you buy. The more stores you shop before buying, the better idea you'll get of quality and comparative values. For expensive items like furniture or a real merchandise experts advise shopping at least three stores.

Shop by specifications. When a professional purchasing agent gets ready to buy he calls for samples and prices from several competitive sources and compares bids on the basis of specifications. The feminine purchasing agent for a family similarly can compare values by reading labels and tags on merchandise and asking plenty of questions to determine what each item offers in construction, quality of fabric, design and suitability for her purposes. When you examine several different sofas, say, you soon begin to notice which is better made.

Be an opportunist but a sceptic too. You can generally save an average of twenty percent at genuine sales, especially the end-of-season clearances. But approach them with care. The more amazing the reduction the more suspicious you ought to be. The tip-off to "bait bargains" is the salesman's attempt to switch you to higher-priced merchandise. The trademark of a legitimate sale is that the merchant lets you buy what you want.

No woman need be a lousy shopper or a gull for sharpshooters. There's plenty of information to be had once a woman wakes up to the fact that she's got a big, professional-type job involving a lot of money which she undertakes to buy for a family. And that it takes professional skill to carry out that job. ★



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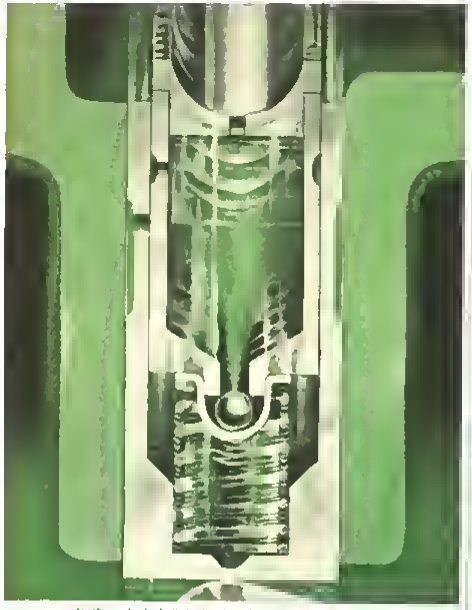
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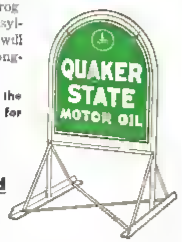
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Give The Bride A Kiss, George

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

The girl was in her late twenties much older than the others who had come. They had been dewdy little clucks with more of a barnyard than a finishing look about them. With her it took effort to imagine such pale fluffy flesh could harbor sufficient virility to get into trouble. I wouldn't be surprised, I said, if some soldier kids himself a jeetor partner in the garage and farm implement business.

"It is pathetic," George said. His sympathies were a little loose. I once saw him buy a thick slice of ham for a garbage pail end but kittens.

We never saw the girl and the clergyman come out of the Old Man's office, for as soon as the other clerks clattered back from pay parade we left to get our money.

We spent the evening in town and walking back took a road through the residential area. Some one had planted nicotiana in his garden and the perfume made a syrup of the darkness. The last house before the road ended in bold privacy was a rambling affair with picture windows. The sitting room had plush red pink walls and under a lamp of mauve silk sat a tired looking man in his fifties.

"That is the girl's father," I said. He all buckered out. Nothing reckons out a man more than having a daughter in a delicate condition."

"Is that a joke?"

"Just a sharp comment."

"I am glad it is not a joke," said George. "The loss of virtue is never funny."

"Not even when it happens to a female operator in farm implements?"

"You are get feeny either."

"Maybe I'm not. But when I'm thirty-five and bald headed I won't get sentimental over the troubles of punks."

He hesitated. Whatever he had on his mind was probably being turned over in French. "When you are thirty-five," he said, "and bald headed I hope you will remind yourself you are a bald headed Christian."

"But not excessively so, I said.

He patted my arm. "Perhaps at times you have to be a cad to be a Christian."

The subject was delicate and I let it die. George carried a prayer book a Latin one and frequently when he put his hand in his blouse for tobacco he pulled it out by mistake and I kidded but we never talked religion.

THE Anglican clergymen saw the Old Man again and brought the girl after. When they left we watched them arrow to the parking lot. The girl's father started his car in reverse then messed with the gears. For a garage owner, it was a bad show.

"An emotional type," I said to George.

After supper over beer in a tavern George surprised me by saying he had taken some training schedules into the Old Mine for signatures. It had become established procedure that only the orderly room sergeant with his three stripes and me with the ability to take dictation from The Old Mine without quivering were the only two authorities more or less free to enter the office. "How come?" I said.

George shrugged. "It was nothing. I wanted to make a suggestion to him about this girl and her trouble."

Did he talk to yee about her? Do you know who the soldier is?



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"I know he is married," said George. "I put the schedule on his desk and suggested I be allowed to marry the young lady."

The tavern waiter saw me trying to pour twelve golden ounces of beer into an eight ounce glass and hurried to slap his cloth on the table and puddle about in the mess I had made. My head was not for thinking. It was a camera that took pictures. I saw the waiter's wet cloth and padded fingers and his ears ring. "What do you want to marry her for?"

The waiter had been lacing George with rumors of the regiment's departure and looked at me and uneasily cleared his throat. I nodded for beer.

I saw George. His ears were little wings and his mouth would have fitted a much bigger head. "Why should you marry her?"

She may have been misled."

"In a pig's eye! Does the Old Man think you should marry her?"

He thinks it would be kind.

"That's not what he thinks. He thinks you're scheming to get into the farm implement business."

"That is one argument," said George. "Is it yours?"

"It is not mine."

"Then what is yours?"

"I have no argument," said George. "It is a conviction. I am not doing it mostly for her sake."

"Then for whose sake? The father's?"

"No."

"Then for whose sake? The baby's?"

He had strong, square teeth and his slow smile could have been the emulsion that brought harmony to the bones of his face and the flesh. "For the sake of My Lord Jesus," he said.

It stopped me. All I said was: He comes into it, too?

George nodded. He does. After a bunch of long seconds, he said: She may not care to marry me. If she refuses good. I have done what I feel I should do. I do not have to worry. If she accepts good. I will be gone tomorrow. I give her baby a name but what does the girl cost me! Nothing. Let us go and find out."

"Tonight?"

"They are expecting us. The Old Man phoned them."

The Old Man's ears got harnesses between them.

"It is better to have them there," said George, "than around the heart. At eight we see them."

"We see them? You see them!"

"I would thank you to come with me," he said.

The garage owner lived to the west of Main Street. As we walked toward the house the sun was lowering on the horizon and slung our eyes. Thousands of winged ants spiraled above the light poles. A boy, part child, part baby, ran shuffling his feet, making an explosive powder of the dust in the middle of the road. His clouds were caught by the sun. I saw nasturtiums in the gardens and a few scrawny roses. I had smelt emotions the night before and looked to either side and couldn't find it. "I'll talk to your padre about you," I said. "Maybe he can put you back in your place."

THE DRAPES were drawn across the picture windows of the garage owner's house and the red sun edged the fields with a brighter color. The door was fronted with a sheet of mahogany veneer and studded with brass. We heard the chimes of a cathedral when I pressed the button. I was still making music when the door opened enough for the girl's father to expose his head and shoulder. He may have had trucks a garage and an oil agency and deal in cars and farm implements, but his face was a lump and leathered by sun and wind.

"Good evening," George said.

Pops gave his regard to George. Then over his shoulder I saw the girl. Her skin was white against the sun cured surfacing of her father but her eyes had been chipped from the same glacial granite although clearer behind the horn rimmed glasses since I was as yet had not muddied the fray.

"My name is Letourneau," said George. "This is my friend."

Nothing happened.

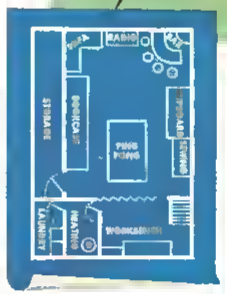
George asked, "You know why we have come?"

The garage owner looked at the girl. She smiled at us in a refrigerated manner and he swung the door open. She led us into the living room. They had not one but two chesterfields and an assortment of stuffed green chairs. The radio was as big as an orphanage stove.

The girl and her father sat together on a chesterfield. George stood as if waiting for an invitation and I told him to sit down. His chair was flanked by a floor lamp whose shade funneled a beam about his head. It put a light on his cheek and made his nose look shiny. He studied the twisting pattern of columbine on the thick green carpet. The female executive in the business world and her father examined him with the serious reserve they would have given a bankrupt farmer. I studied them. They were both of the pragmatic type and I did not doubt that the girl's predicament had already been calculated, the costs assessed, the loss absorbed, and the books balanced. I would rest what George was doing in their living room.

George raised his head. Without preliminary discussion of weather or of

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scope he said 'Sir, I am here to discuss a marriage'

The garage owner hardened his dead, disturbing eyes.

'Perhaps,' said George, 'I should have first made known my intiments to the young lady'

The girl said, 'Why should you marry me?'

'I believe' George said 'you are in a condition where marriage would be welcome'

The garage owner made the noises in his throat of an indignant chipmunk and shot his fingar out at George

'What are you trying to pull? Blackmail?'

'Blackmail?' said George

'He means' I said 'do you get paid or do you walk up and down with a banner saying the girls going to have a baby?'

'You can't shake money out of me,' said the garage owner

'He thinks I'm threatening him?' asked George. He reached into his blouse for papers and tobacco 'Here We won't stay longer than it takes you to smoke one'

The girl rose from the chesterfield and took a green chair closer to George. 'You can't blame my father for trying to find out what you expect We would like to know more about you.'

'You're a Frenchman' said the garage owner

'What do you care?' I asked 'The way things are in your family, you'd be lucky to get anybody'

'I wish,' said George, 'that you, too, would keep quiet for a minute' In a gesture of deprecation he spread his hands. 'It is not essential, miss, to talk of ma'

'But I don't understand,' she said, 'why you should make such an offer'

'I'll tell you why' I said 'The guy's nuts. He's got a compulsion. He thinks he has to do it for Christ's sake'

'For Christ's sake!'

'You said it lady'

I saw I had shocked them as he had shocked me. They chilled George with the frost in their eyes. 'He's an ex priest or something' I said 'He's got a Latin prayer book'

Silence was absolute in the garage owner's house but the door had been left open and faintly from the outside I heard the scuta scolding of an angry woman and I knew she would be the mother of the little boy we had seen playing locomotive in the dust My cigarette was done I got to my feet and threw the butt across the room into the fireplace.

'Well,' said the girl She seemed to be thinking Perhaps she juggled factors to show a profit for the firm, a nominal marriage canceled by a tricky divorce and the profits were there freedom and respectability She stared at her father and heightened interest came into his face sly and somewhat paternal Shi was as rigid and detached in concentration as if she had a seizure, then she turned to George and cordially said 'You don't intend to make your home here?'

George, his hand kowed his fingers clasped, was again studying the coils of columbine in the green carpet 'No,' he said

I had had more than I could take of the room with the two chesterfields and the looming green chairs, and the pink walls and white fireplace, and the dried- sexanless shark with his sly lumpish face, and the chalk white shark of a daughter, and I said, 'I'm going back to camp, George'

'Wait!' said the girl She looked at George with calculation as if he had suggested terms to buy a business and was leering her to gamble. 'You often to marry me out of compassion?'

'Yes.'

'You are not asking favors in return?'

'No.'

She sighed There was satisfaction in the silence she gave her father He nodded that he had juggled factors too and had discarded those that were improbable or dangerous or clumsy or extortionate and time devouring and was prepared to accept this unexpected gift horse from Quebec without farther examination of matives or of mouth.

Sweetly she said, 'You consider it a Christian duty to marry me? I mean to go through a farce of marriage with me?'

'It seems' said George, 'it would be Christian to lend you my name'

'Then I will discuss it with my father We thank you for your sympathy, Mr —'

'Letourneau'

'Sucker Letourneau,' I said She attempted to chill me with her eyes.

She spoke to George 'We'll let you know My father will get in touch with the colonel'

That ended it Within fifteen minutes of pressing the button and sounding the chimes we were walking down the driveway without as much as a cup of coffee It made me feel I never would have what it takes to cover a chantial mortgage. The western sky still showed a line of lemon light The air was clear and I tried to smell the montana. "I thought marriage was a holy sacrament with you people," I said

It is' said George, 'but this is not marriage She is only getting the use of my name'

'You're the biggest fool I've ever seen She'll have a lien on your future'

He pushed the air with his hands. 'We have one'

At noon George was told to see the colonel. I waited for him. When he returned I was by myself for the other clerks had gone to eat I am having lunch at her house he said Her father is coming for me

'Swell'

'I'm getting married this evening'

'I'm sorry you couldn't get something more like a woman George but congratulations.'

'Would you lend me a clean shirt'

'Sure'

'I asked the Old Man if you could come with me' he said but they don't want you They consider you were discourteous last night

'Then don't bother to kiss the bride for me You know don't you you'll have to assign her most of your pay!'

'She may give it to me back'

'Wint! Money! Where are you spending the honeymoon?'

'I'll be here tonight.

'An army hut's no place to bring a bride George

'There you go Do you know what? I am asking a favor of her If the baby is a boy I would like him to have the name of my friend you'

And I'll tell you something Sharp female operators in the farm implement business don't have little boys and little girls, George'

'No'!

'No They have little ledgers and little adding machines.'

Standing by the door he gave me his slow smile 'You're crazy'

'Am I? What are you?'

'What you think' said George. Well, good-by

THE VISIT of a girl and a clergyman to our orderly room was again the token of departure and colonel cam strung on a rifling table in local merchants their sharpened instincts had been sound for an a Tuesday we sluiced the huts, and on a Wednesday under the pressure of the summer's sun struggled into greatcoats and our harness formed our platoons and in threes by the right plodded without music toward adventure and our latest. The soldiers and groundings by the edges of the wheat in tide showed more interest in our going than did the patriots on Main Street They sulked behind their counters banked and bought

George was beside me When we came to the stuccoed garage I said 'That's it That's what you married into'

'I never did George said

'I guess not You'll be too stupid to know when you find the makings of a good thing Goofs like you they pack up dead under bridges without a penny

So said George, 'the lords of the air have their seats the lox his hall but me I have a bridge

'I'll brighten the picture George They find you with three pennies and a blanket' 'I wish I had remembered then families are bigger in Quebec

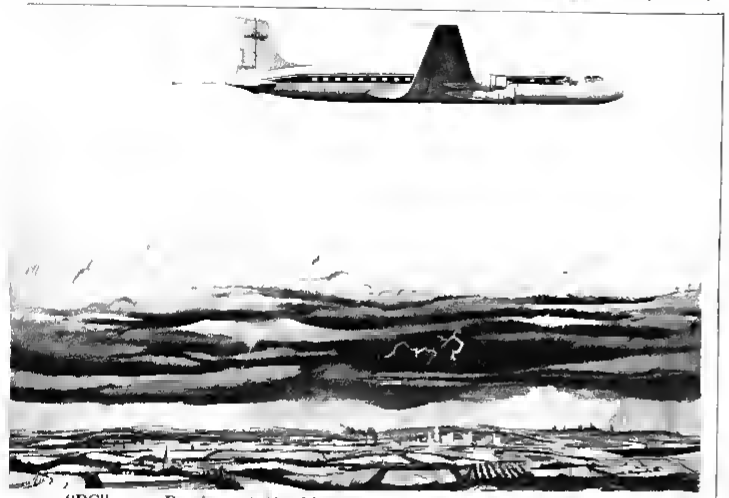
'Is the blanket over my face'

'Yes.'

He and his father may both have been seventh sons He asked 'There's dirt on it'

'I'll say'

He may have had the second sight 'Look closer You are not observant he said 'There is blood' ★



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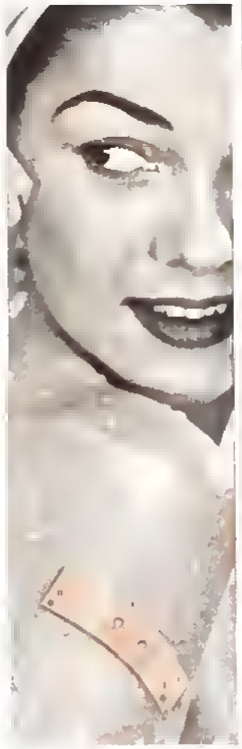
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Fluorides In Our Water?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

water, and not to some other cause. Standardized techniques were adopted to compare the teeth of children in the three cities, and Dr. H. K. Brown was appointed Chief of the Dental Health Division in 1947 to supervise the entire project. Speaking of the federal government's role, Dr. Brown declares: "Our function is merely to find out the facts and pass them on."

The findings, commencing with the first series of surveys in 1948 and continuing up to the present, have been encouraging. While the amount of tooth decay among Sarnia and Stratford children, drinking their usual water, has remained about the same, the teeth of Brantford children have become stronger and more decay resistant than they used to be. Only 5.18 percent of Brantford school children had perfect teeth in 1944 before fluoridation commenced. Now the percentage has risen to 19.4. Dr. Hatton declares that in 1952 there was a forty one-percent reduction in tooth decay among all school children in Brantford, starting in the five year-old group with a fifty-two percent reduction and going on up to the fourteen-year-olds, who showed a thirty two-percent reduction. "Fluoridated water has proved its value and Brantford is proud of the results achieved," he says.

Dr. R. M. Grainger, dental statistician of the Ontario Department of Health, estimates that as children drink Brantford water from birth their tooth decay will probably level off at fifty percent less than formerly. In time they should attain the dental health of Stratford children, who have drunk naturally fluoridated water all their lives. (Stratford youngsters have "about sixty per cent less dental decay than youngsters living in a non-fluoridated area without fluorine," according to Dr. Frank Kohl of the same department.)

In May 1953 Hon. Paul Martin, Minister of National Health and Welfare, declared in the House of Commons, "The best view is that the addition of fluorine to water supplies in Canada promises not only to be an important event in the history of preventive dentistry but also one of the most important events in the history of the whole public health field." This summer, Dr. Brown-hitherto guarded in his statements-was deep in preparation of the first long statistical report on the Brantford findings, expected to give encouragement to fluoridation advocates.

Since the Brantford survey was undertaken, five other Ontario communities (Oshawa, Sudbury, Port Erie, Chalk River and Thorold) and two in Saskatchewan (Moose Jaw and Assiniboia) have fluoridated their water, and, according to Dr. Brown, who recently returned to Ottawa from a cross-country tour, "Half a dozen other Canadian cities are standing there with a shovel waiting to throw the stuff in."

What is stopping them, he says, is a number of things, reluctance to inaugurate a public health measure whose immediate benefits are reserved for a minority of the population—children—and whose full results will not be visible for several years, lack of knowledge, and hence of interest, on the part of the public, and organized resistance on the part of what Dr. Gordon Bates of the Health League of Canada calls "a crackpot fringe," who

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Basic WHOLE WHEAT Dough

Scald
- 3¾ cups milk
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 4½ teaspoons salt
- ½ cup shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl
- ¾ cup lukewarm water
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
- 3 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in
- 6 cups whole wheat flour

and beat until smooth and elastic; work in
- 6 cups more (about) whole wheat flour

Turn out on board sprinkled with whole wheat flour and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly floured board and knead 10 minutes. Divide into 3 equal portions and finish as follows:

1 WHOLE WHEAT CRESCENTS

Shape one portion of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased loaf pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until just doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°) 35 to 40 minutes, covering loaf with heavy brown paper after first 15 minutes of baking.

2. PAN BUNS

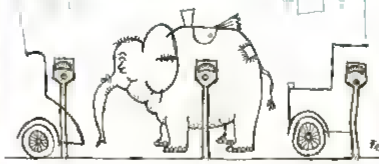
Cut one portion of dough into 16 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball and arrange in a greased 8-inch square cake pan. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°) about 20 minutes.

3 SALAD OR WIENER ROLLS

Cut one portion of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a slim roll 6 to 8 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven (375°) about 20 minutes. Split rolls and fill with salad or heated wieners.

Civic Situations

By PAUL STEINER Illustrated by FOSER



Traffic officials in Edmonton complain that coins from Hong Kong and Arabia keep turning up in the city parking meters.

In Montreal a man was sent to jail for two years when convicted of stealing seventeen manhole covers from city streets.



Residents of Bronte, Ont., complain that tourists are using the local cemetery as a picnic ground, sitting on the tombstones to eat their lunch.

In Calgary, George and Rosie Big Bally asked the provincial secretary what could be done for them under the provisions of the Change of Name Act.

A man was jailed after he was caught red handed stealing a Bible from the court at Oakville, Ont.

The town of Corner Brook, Nfld., has imported three hundred frogs to keep down insects.



The Edmonton police department told its traffic cops to start blowing their whistles instead of their lips. Motorists had complained that many impolient officers had screamed at them.

In Ottawa the parliamentary law clerk proposed that members of parliament be required to stand on one foot while making a speech.

The Manitoba Power Commission offered the town of Minnedosa a ninety-thousand dollar dam for one dollar, providing the council would assume responsibility for the structure. The council turned the bargain down.

Vancouver police arrested a man who jumped into the bears cage in Stanley Park and chased the animals into their dens.



Residents of Stratford, Ont., who say there are a lot of old fossils in the city hall aren't making derogatory remarks about the city fathers. The base of the city hall is made of limestone which contains hundreds of fossils.



A diabolo-imprisonment law of British Columbia, dating back to 1856 and never repealed, provides for free beer at a prisoner's request.

A west coast school recently listed a course entitled "How To Hold Your Liquor."

In Port Alberni on Vancouver Island the city council finally repealed an old bylaw that barber shops must remain open six days a week from 5:30 p.m. on end that the price of haircuts was not to exceed twenty five cents.



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*The swing is **DEFINITELY** to Labatt's*

have no hesitation in assuring city officials that fluorides are not poison, that they cause heart disease cancer and kidney disorders, sexual frigidity and holes in the head.

That such charges are not without psychological weight is evident from the experience of James McGregor Bernan, writer in the New Republic who recently described the penny-and-tale of fluoridation in his home town. Burns commercially voted for fluoridation early in 1952 (several hundred voters in favor, only four voters against) and drank the water for several weeks before the anti-fluoridationforces got busy. Three things began to happen. Public meetings were called, outside speakers imported to harangue on the dangers of fluorides, rumors spread that the fluoridated water was causing potatoes to turn black, goldfish to die and housewives' hands to become "poisoned." Advocates of fluoridation were labelled "stinker" and "Communist." Finally a special referendum was called, cars were supplied for voters and only half the eligible voters in town turned out—to vote out fluoridation and put the superintendent up for sale. Burns concludes: "This is the age of fear and suspicion of big ideas and little ones."

In Toronto, where a Citizens' Committee of a hundred and fifty members bitterly fought fluoridation last winter, Dr. W. J. McCormack, a nutritionist who helped organize it, solemnly told me, "You know that fluorine is a rat poison, don't you?" It is used for hardening cement. It will take the calcium out of your bones. I have a little grandchild down in the States in a city where they've got this poisoned water, and my daughter writes me that the child's teeth are falling out."

A. E. Hemingway, administrative dean of the Canadian Memorial Chiropractic College in Toronto, recently prepared an article in which he defended the charges of an American congressmen that in Grand Rapids, Mich., after four years of fluoridated water, the deaths from heart disease had increased by eighty percent, from nephritis by fifty percent and from intracranial lesions (holes in the head) fifty percent. (Enquiry of Dr. W. R. Frothingham, Public Health Director for Grand Rapids brought back the claims that the congressman had achieved his statistics by comparing the death rates for the city of Grand Rapids for 1944 with the combined city and county statistics for 1948.)

At least two private American organizations, the Citizens Medical Reference Bureau Inc. and the Nation-Wide Campaigner Against the Fluoridation Fraud, are circulating pamphlets in this country informing Canadians that fluoridation verges on criminal insanity that its advocates are driven by a compulsion psychosis and that putting fluorides in drinking water is the first step towards socialized medicine.

An interesting example of mass fear and prejudice was exhibited in Brantford eight years ago when many people took it for granted that fluoridation would commence on the first day of 1945. After Jan. 1 letters began to rain in on city health officials from nervous citizens who complained that the new water tasted funny, discolored their false teeth, left rims on the bath tub and caused fevers." Actually, the fluoridating equipment had not arrived on schedule and Brantford was drinking its usual "pure" water. In April with letters still pouring in, Mayor Jack Ryan announced the ironic truth. Amid embarrassment the letters ceased. In June, fluoridation was quietly inaugurated in Brantford with nobody the wiser. This time there were no frightened letters. In September, Mayor Ryan made his second announcement that Brantford had been drinking fluoridated water for three months with no complaints and apparently no ill effects.

In the battle for and against fluoridation much time and energy are being wasted in personal sniping and name-calling and wild illogical argument. There is room for sensible argument on several points.

Some responsible opponents fear that fluoridated water will cause mottling of the teeth, leaving them brown and discolored. Those who favor fluoridation assure them that only mottled teeth occur only in "naturally fluoridated" areas where the concentration of fluoride is as high as 5 to 5 parts per million. They declare that the amount recommended for artificial fluoridation—1 to 1.2 parts per million—will not discolor anybody's teeth. They admit that a small minority of Brantford children (less than ten percent) show signs of tiny pearly white overlays on their back teeth but insist that nobody but a dentist would notice such shading, that the teeth themselves are not harmed by it and that in any case an almost invisible white mottling on the molars of a few children is more to be desired than a mouthful of cavities and false teeth all fairly for all of them.

Some of the most vigorous opponents of fluoridated water simply feel that although it may offer a solution it is the wrong solution. They insist that all our attention ought to be focused on proper diet, that instead of trying to protect our teeth against candy and sweet drinks and refined carbohydrates we ought to be shunning such foods in favor of natural cereals and raw fruit and vegetables.

Defenders of the fluoridation scheme admit that diet is the best answer but doubt that the nation is going to change its dietary habits overnight. Dr. Kohli says: "Certainly if refined carbohydrates were eliminated from the diet and people ate selected foods, their teeth would have fewer cavities just as if people didn't go in swimming they wouldn't be drowned. But they do mind they are. So something has to be done from the curative viewpoint." Even the astonished advocates of fluoridation do not claim that it will cure dental disease. They say it is simply a preventive, to be used along with frequent brushing, proper attention to existing cavities, and as much abstinence from soft foods and sweets as possible.

Until recently certain industries, notably breweries, bakeries, wet milling operations and manufacturers of soft drinks—feared that fluoridated water would ruin their product or all beat fluoridate it above the allowable limits set up under the Food and Drug Act.

However, the American Institute of Baking has stated that the addition of fluorides in concentrations up to ten parts per million in sponge and dough water has no effect on bread. The president of the Master Brewers of America declares in Toronto that the amount of one part per million in drinking water, as is recommended, doesn't worry brewers and Canada's soft drink manufacturers say that their product, if made with fluoridated water, would contain no more fluorine than the water itself that is well under the two parts per million allowable under the Act.

A good deal of the objection in business and industrial circles is based on the feeling that it's wasteful to pay for fluoridating a city's entire water supply when only a small amount of that water is used for drinking purposes. (Brantford equipment cost $448 to install and the cost of the chemical this year was $5,800. For a city the size of Toronto the estimated installation cost is $3,000 and $60 000 a year for the fluorides.)

Fluoridation advocates reply that expensive as it may seem (and actually it's estimated at from twelve to seventeen cents per person per year, once the initial expenses are met) it represents a considerable saving in dental bills, and that there's no other way to avoid the problem. It's impossible to fluoridate part of a community's water supply. And water is a natural carrier of fluorides and hence the best mothers for carrying them artificially. They assert that milk would be unsuitable since it is unevenly available to children in different economic levels, as consistently just

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M-11

Your Home Deserves the Best... that's always Admiral

(Advertisement)

can a baseball curve ?

Can a baseball pitcher throw a curved ball?

No, said Col J B Joyce in 1877 "It's absurd" he declared "I'll say that any man could throw a ball other than in a straight line And even after he had with hard practice curved a ball around the goal posts set in a straight line, he remained unconvinced

Recently, two nationally circulated magazines published their own findings They furnished proof that second indisputable The only trouble was...one proved that a ball can curve and the other proved that it can't

Now comes Mr Igor Sikorsky, helicopter expert and internationally known authority on aerodynamics, Mr Sikorsky put a couple of baseballs into his wind tunnel at United Aircraft and proved that a spinning baseball can and does curve Not only that he showed how much it curves You can figure it out yourself, with this handy formula

$$d = \frac{.5 \rho V^2 r^3 g C^2}{720 W} \text{ feet}$$

And you will see at a glance this works out to a maximum of about nine feet inches for a pitcher of Carl Hubbell's calibre

When talking his ball this summer Galvin kept this formula handy Keep plenty of Molsons Ale handy too for deep cool refreshment when the heat and the mathematics get too much for you Molson's has been brewed by the Molson family since 1786—many years before Col Joyce made his dogmatic and inaccurate statement

Don't be a modern-day Col Joyce By dogmatic, but be accurate, too Say "Make Mine Molsons"!

would be higher, the procedures for determining fluoride in milk are not simple and its sale in areas where the water supply is already naturally fluoridated would present a hazard Many oppose putting fluorides in pills or powders as some members of the opposite camp suggest, and letting individual parents spoon out the appropriate amount to their youngsters since careless parents could either neglect the job or else mistakenly administer a possibly fatal overdose Would he manufacturers of fluoridated chewing gum candy bars and soft drinks have all been discouraged by the Food and Drug Division of the federal government because of a similar impossibility in controlling the amount that careless purchasers might choose to swallow

Many objectors to fluoridated water would have no objection to topical fluoridation that is the direct application by a dentist of a two percent solution of sodium fluoride onto a child's teeth Why isn't this the answer, they wonder

Unfortunately although topical application is claimed to reduce the incidence of tooth decay by as much as forty percent, it is extremely time consuming (teeth must be painted several times and at four different stages of tooth development) and many school dentists feel they're better occupied filling the cavities that children already have, rather than ensuring them against future ones Actually topical application is a job for dental hygienists such as those who are presently doing mobile clinic work in rural Saskatchewan and down on Prince Edward Island However, Canada has only a few dental hygienists not nearly enough to go around The chances of all of our city children obtaining their fluorides by the topical method appear downright impossible Topical fluoridation will have to be the answer for children living in rural areas where fluoridated city water doesn't reach

Another argument against topical application is that dentists now believe that if a child drinks fluoridated water from birth at which time the enamel of his permanent teeth begins to calcify, he stands a better chance to avoid tooth decay than if he waits and has the fluoride painted directly onto the outside of the teeth once they've erupted from the gums. Fluoridated water promises to affect a child's teeth in their formative stage according to Dr Brown

Of all the arguments against fluoridation, the one that appears to merit most serious attention is the charge that water treated with sodium fluoride may induce dangerous side effects on the human body

Fluorine is no stranger to our diet. Beef contains 2 ppm fluoride, pork 1 ppm, lamb 1.2 ppm, canned salmon 9 ppm, codfish 7 ppm and fresh mackerel more than 25 ppm. Tea is not considered toxic within the Food and Drug Act of Canada if it contains as high as 100 ppm fluoride (The Act permits not more than 2 ppm in most manufactured foods or drinks) Whether they knew it or not, thousands of Canadians have drunk naturally fluoridated water that is, water which has picked up some fluorine from underground taverns and ranks—all their lives Spot analyses of wells across southern Alberta show that a large number of wells contain *fluorides* naturally In fact in the natural fluoride content is 1.8 ppm, considerably higher than is artificially recommended In the United States more than three million persons have drunk naturally fluoridated water for years In concentrations from 0.9 to 3.1 ppm More than seven hundred other American communities including cities like Miami, Minneapolis, Hallimore Washington Schenectady Pittsburgh Rochester and Philadelphia have added the chemical artificially to their water supply

So far as is known no seriously harmful side effects of any kind have yet been noted from drinking water containing from 0.9 to 5.0 ppm of sodium fluoride The only undesirable consequence has been mottling in areas where the natural fluoride content exceeds 1.5 ppm Vital statistics from both naturally and artificially fluoridated areas reveal no long term detrimental effects. Studies indicate that the human body has a very efficient mechanism for eliminating fluorides Dr Hutton says, You'd have to drink sixty gallons of water at one sitting to get a dose which would be slightly poisonous

In other words, it's the quantity of fluoride in one diet that matters and what scientists call the "trace element" of 1 ppm in a community's drinking water is considered perfectly safe

On the other hand as the Canadian Medical Association's committee on nutrition points out there's a great deal of unknown territory on the effects of fluorine on other parts of the body Can fluorine which appears to be safe in a 1 ppm concentration cause any kind of trouble when taken every day every month for a long period of years? Is it possible that naturally fluoridated water contains some trace element of another protective element that is missing in artificially fluoridated water? Can fluorides be injurious to persons working with the chemical? If a community's drinking water is fluoridated, should the other fluorides in people's daily diet be adjusted accordingly so that the over all amount of the chemical taken into the body is not dangerously toxic? Do any human beings have a "low fluoride intake" and if so what can be done to protect them when their community inaugurates fluoridation?

Advocates of fluoridation in Canada and they include most responsible authorities in the field of dentistry and public health, apparently accept the statement of Dr W B Proctor public health director for the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan that "Fluoridation has been out of the experimental stage for the past several years and there is an abundance of convincing scientific evidence to demonstrate its effectiveness, harmlessness and economy They see a tremendous need for something that will combat our growing dental problem, fluorides have proved their value in this regard, and they feel that for lack of any real evidence to the contrary they can be presumed to be safe Apparently British authorities agree for a government report, based on the findings of a visiting team of chemists and dentists to the U.S.A., recommends that fluoridation be adopted in selected areas of Britain using the 1 ppm level

However the general public will be apt to breathe easier if the recommendations of the CMA's committee on nutrition are adopted namely that where artificial fluoridation of a community water supply is undertaken, the entire program must be conducted under close engineering, dental and medical supervision and accompanied by scientific studies to make sure that no unanticipated damages turn up

Only when this is done and several long-term studies have been completed will the battle for and against fluoridation be scientifically settled ours and for all ★

DINNER PARTNER

Are your words too precious
To waste
On the neighboring ox?
Have you no gems for our taste,
No pearls to spare?
Delicate, tangible fare
In the candle-lit room
What do you wish to appear
Merely a lamb
For theirs? You're visibly dined
On viands before you
Are you a man or a Mind?
Or a it I here you?

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

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See Britain at its Autumn Best! Coronation crowds are gone Hotel accommodations are easy to get You'll enjoy every minute!

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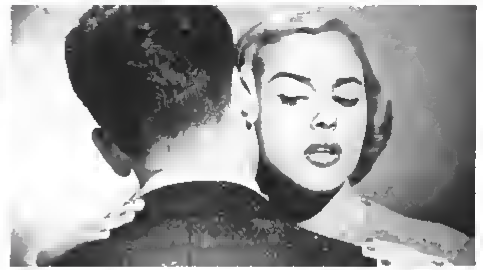
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Dandruff on shoulders is unsightly dandruff is a topic people usually avoid

DANDRUFF

Why it may be "the beginning of baldness"...

We don't claim miracles We can't *prevent* baldness Nor do we believe anyone can. But you should know the following facts about dandruff

Dermatologists while differing in their views as to causes of baldness say that the condition symptomized by excessive dandruff *does* frequently lead to baldness.



1st STAGE Spores of Malassez

Seborrhea

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. Many leading dermatologists say that a causative agent of seborrheic dandruff is a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*—also known as *Pityrosporum Ovale* In most men who have it seborrhea progresses through three stages

1 Dry white scales flake off your scalp drop to your shoulders

2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp If many cases hairs begin to die

3 "Cholong" of hair roots with fatty substance from glands dead cells and dirt may occur Result is increasingly thin hair often baldness

A scalp hygiene program the Kreml Method

Watch your general health if you're "run down" see your doctor Apart from that—give your hair and scalp the *right kind of care* Here is an easy to-follow home program—the Kreml Method—used professionally by leading barbers and hairdressers



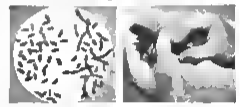
2nd STAGE Bacilli shown may be present

TODAY get a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic And make sure you have a good shampoo on hand TONIGHT, start the Kreml Method of treatment Shake Kreml Hair Tonic generously on to your head. Massage your scalp vigorously

Next, apply shampoo Work up a thick lather—*without putting any tonic on your head* Now rinse with water Lather again Rinse Dry your hair thoroughly Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—massage it in—comb hair in place.

Tomorrow morning—and every morning Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it in—comb hair in place Kreml contains *just enough* oil to groom hair—without plastered down appearance

At first more dandruff flakes than usual may appear This simply means dandruff is being "cleared out" from scalp In stubborn cases repeat Kreml-and-shampoo treatment



3rd STAGE Bacilli thrive only in presence Hair growth may be affected

Inhibits growth of bacilli

There is no known permanent "cure" for seborrheic dandruff But certain ingredients of Kreml Hair Tonic DO inhibit the growth of bacilli and of the Spores of Malassez The Kreml Method is not offered as a substitute for the services of a dermatologist—but it *has* helped thousands of men Letters tell us so!

Money-back offer Try the Kreml Method faithfully, and if you are not entirely satisfied write the J B Williams Company, La Salle, Montreal Enclose Kreml label—tell us what you paid—and we will gladly refund your money

Get Kreml Hair Tonic today And we recommend our Kreml Shampoo See how quickly the Kreml Method makes your head *feel* better and *look* better!

Tampax was invented by a doctor 20 years ago!

Now millions of women find the "new way" is the tried-and-true way

The woman who uses Tampax mainly because protection doesn't think of it as revolutionary or different. It's an accepted part of her life.

If you asked her what she liked about it, she'd probably give you an enthusiastic answer: "Know why? Because the big advantage of internally worn Tampax lies in the things it doesn't do: things you may have been enduring for years and realizing welcome relief was as close as your neighborhood drug or notion counter.

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR

Tampax *doesn't* cause any chafing whatsoever. In fact, once it's in the right internal position, you can't even feel it. It's so easy to insert and dispose of that changing takes a matter of seconds. Your hands need never touch the Tampax.

Tampax *doesn't* reveal itself by ridges or bulges. There are no pins or belts or bulky pads. It's so small a month's supply can be carried in your purse.

Tampax *doesn't* reveal itself by telltale odor. And to meet different needs it comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Try it! Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.



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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED, Brampton, Ontario

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ 53-151

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

mind we did not disturb anyone's slumber.

As usual the British were in no hurry. Wisely they placed the control and therefore the development of this new device in the hands of the BBC. The programs were short, but the demand for sets was increasing all the time at a mostly unspectacular pace.

Strangely enough it was the burial of King George VI which boosted television from a toy to a necessity. To see the funeral I went to Alexander Korda's offices in Piccadilly at Hyde Park Corner. From the balcony we would have an excellent view of the procession on its way to Paddington Station where the coffin would be entrained for the run to Windsor.

But instead of waiting on the balcony until the funeral music announced the approach of the procession we had a television set. We saw the coffin carried out from Westminster Hall and heard the mournful wailing of the pipes. We saw the four dishabille Windsor, Edinburgh, Gloucester and Kent take their places behind the coffin. We saw the crowds en route as the procession made its way to Piccadilly. Then we stepped out on the balcony and watched it in reality. And when it turned into Hyde Park we followed it again on the screen to Paddington Station and we watched the panting little train along the route to Windsor where the good king was laid to rest in his historic chapel.

The technique was superb and the result was that through the death of a king British television was born. And to complete the story our old friend and companion, the normal radio set, was doomed.

So far, however, television had remained under the sole control of the BBC and as you are aware we have never enjoyed the doubtful benefits of commercial sponsored programs. In fact the British Broadcasting Corporation had achieved an immense prestige as a state monopoly. We never had to listen to Sir Thomas Beecham's orchestra by permission of Beecham's pills. If Madame Butterfly sang for us it was not suggested that she would be even daintier if she used Pears soap. We had Dante without dandruff, comedy without cosmetics and Tchaikovsky without cough cures.

On the other hand it meant that in the realm of radio there was only one employer. The entire list of vocalists, the comedians, the composers, the bands, under the BBC did not wear their hats when they had no alternative source of employment on the air. As immense autocracy and bureaucracy were established.

No one will deny that there is a case against such a monstrous centralization of authority. On the other hand the BBC did much to raise the standards of public taste and the integrity of its news bulletins won the respect of the whole world. Because of that integrity the BBC played an immense part in sustaining the confidence and resolution of the European people during the Hitler war.

However, the law of life is change, and a group of active young Tory MPs openly opposing their interests as advertisers or directors of companies making television sets began a campaign within the Conservative Party. They were what is called a "ginger group" and they did their job well.

Let it be plainly understood that their purpose was not solely for personal gain. As Conservatives they are traditionally against monopolies. And even more are they against state control. With logic on their side they declared that it was ridiculous of the Tory Government to denationalize steel and road transport while maintaining the nationalization of television entertainment.

I was one of half a dozen who took an opposite view but we were overborne by the fervor of the younger Tories and the day came when Sir David Maxwell Fyfe as Home Secretary was to announce the Government's decision to set up alternative stations for commercial sponsored programs.

Herbert Morrison from the Labour front bench made a powerful attack in reply. He pointed out the menace of television to the habits of the people and especially the young. Since we have only one pair of eyes it would mean a lessening of reading. It would mean the decline of the art of conversation: it would intensify the process of turning us into a race of twiddlers—turning a knob for our entertainment instead of making our own. It would be a menace as well to the living theatre which is so beloved in England.

In a short speech I said that I agreed with every word Morrison had uttered and disagreed with everything the Home Secretary had said.

Knowing that it was a risk I mentioned the proudest boast of the U.S.A.—the incomparable American girl. She was the intellectual equal of her sex, according to American romanticism. "But," I said, "if you believe the American television advertisers the American girl suffers from so many physical defects that only science in its most advanced form keeps her fit for human society. Among her lesser ailments are dandruff, halitosis, body odor."

I finished with these words: "Under American radio advertising there is spread a philosophy of fear even to the absurd point that young men are told that their failure with the other sex is because they do not wear a certain brand of sun shirt. I predict that if the Government brings in commercial programs it will lower the whole tone of our national life."

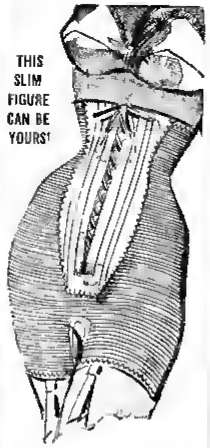
It was a vulgar speech but it had to be. If we were to stop the commercials we had to use shock tactics.

The campaign against the Government's plan spread across the country. The Church gave voice, so did the newspapers. The Government answered that there would be such rigid rules that the advertiser would practically be forbidden to mention anything but the name of his product and then only at the beginning and the end of his program.

In spite of the Government's assurance public opinion polls showed that the people were four-to-one against the commercials. One reason was that the pro commercials who had started their campaign so boldly were failing utterly to put their cause—and of course their case is very strong.

But the biggest blow to the commercial sponsorists was the heading of the Coronation by BBC. I was in the Abbey on that great day and I never saw a camera or an operator yet the result was so unbelievable that it touched perfection. Then came the second blow.

The television film was flown to New York and unfortunately some of it was stopped to allow for the commercial sponsors to mention themselves and their products. This may have meant nothing to the Americans but to link the Coronation with tooth paste shook the British to their vitals. I imagine that the whole incident was exaggerated but as adverse propaganda it played its part.



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Molds your figure into Fashion's Newest Silhouette. Inches disappear from waist, hips and thighs with the greatest of ease and comfort, sitting or stretching.

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Small (25-26) Medium (27-28) Large (29-30)
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Finest lush French Figure Reducer on approval. If not delighted I may return it within ten days for refund at purchase price.

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CORRECT SIZE

SEND ME ____ EXTRA CROTCHES @ 49c ea.
Color desired: 1st ____ 2nd ____

NAME (print) _____

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Send No Money! 10 Days Free Trial



Little girls and big girls, too... need the Natural Oil Protection of Woodbury Shampoo

Woodbury Shampoo is kind to hair, perfectly safe to use on the smallest child's hair. Its cleansing action is thorough, yet gentle, because Woodbury is a natural oil shampoo. It doesn't dry out the hair, it helps preserve the hair's own natural oils. That's why even right after washing with Woodbury, your hair is easier to comb and fix. Woodbury Cocoanut Oil Castile Shampoo is easy on your pocketbook, too. It's so popular with families everywhere, it can be priced lower than any other quality shampoo. Buy it today.



Woodbury Shampoo... *best for all the heads of the family*

MADE IN CANADA





the RIGHT beer...
the LIGHT beer...



RICE BREWED
TO THE CANADIAN TASTE

But the luck of the established BBC monopoly was not ended In the same week there was the most exciting test match in cricket history between Australia and England and at Wimbledon there was the tennis as full of thrills as a Lyceum melodrama

As a Canadian I can almost see your eyebrows rising at the statement that a cricket match could be exciting I can even feel your suspicion that I have gone native which is not true Cricket can be duller than a long drawn-out sermon but it is the only game where a climax can be unbrokenly sustained for three hours

This was a five day match and on the fifth day England faced disaster The Australians gathered for the kill but the English were indomitable Every ball that was bowled was pregnant with drama Tho Baxter family watched it on their television screen and the neighbors must have thought we had gone mad

Only a statistician or a magician could say how much absenteeism there was on that day and how much it slowed down production But that is just another of the problems that this new monster creates My only point is that television had won two more championships—at cricket and tennis —and that the sales of sets bounded upwards in their thousands

I HAVE TRIED to set this problem before you without bias, and with knowledge that you in Canada are becoming increasingly aware of this new mass medium of influence and entertainment I am also aware that your ears have long since accustomed themselves to the plugging of a product and that you have grown philosophical about it

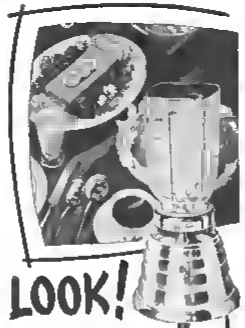
What worries the thinkers and philosophers of Britain is the creation of a central unifying influence which may rob the nation's life of its infinite variety Britain is a tiny island yet its character alters every few miles. The Romans occupied Britain with almost no perceptible effect upon the people The aristocratic Normans conquered the rude Saxons but the only lasting memento of their occupation is the Cockney accent with its dropped Hs. That, incidentally is a theory of my own but as you know I will wait the French do not pronounce their Hs Therefore it can be argued that the only authentic aristocratic accent in Britain is that of the Cockney

The Yorkshiremen the Lancastrians the men of Suffolk and of Devon, the Welsh, the Scots the Midlanders the Londoners they have their individual way of life which defies the centuries. It is what makes existence in these islands a thing of infinite variety

And now there is approaching an era where we shall all sit down at the same time and watch the same programs on the screen What is even worse we shall all learn simultaneously about the unsurpassed advantages of this medicine that soap or those cigarettes.

Nothing can stop or even retard the growth of television and no one can deny that it will hamper courtship to the lonely and comfort to the sick although young courting couples will more than ever have to go to the cinema for a chilling a worth of darkness.

But the fight against the commercials will continue to be fought in the hills and on the beaches in parliament the pulpit and the pubs Perhaps in time we shall get used to a healthy young man with an evangelic voice assuring housewives that their linen would be as much dustier if Goff's soapsuds were used but many of us want to put off the evil day as long as possible ★



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78 MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1953

The Man of Margaret's Choice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Hadham, Hertfordshire, Rosemary Pawle, the beautiful daughter of a brigadier. Throughout the war she had lived in her parents home and had seen her husband only during leaves and on short visits to his stations It was a war marriage and, like thousands of others, due to wither in the realities of peace

George VI gave the Townsends their final permanent home It was Adelaide Cottage, a "grace and favor house" in the grounds of Windsor Castle Before the war it had been occupied by a groom But electric light, a new bathroom, new furniture and much paint transformed it into a delightful little residence

There were two children, Giles and Hugo George the latter named after George VI who was his godfather

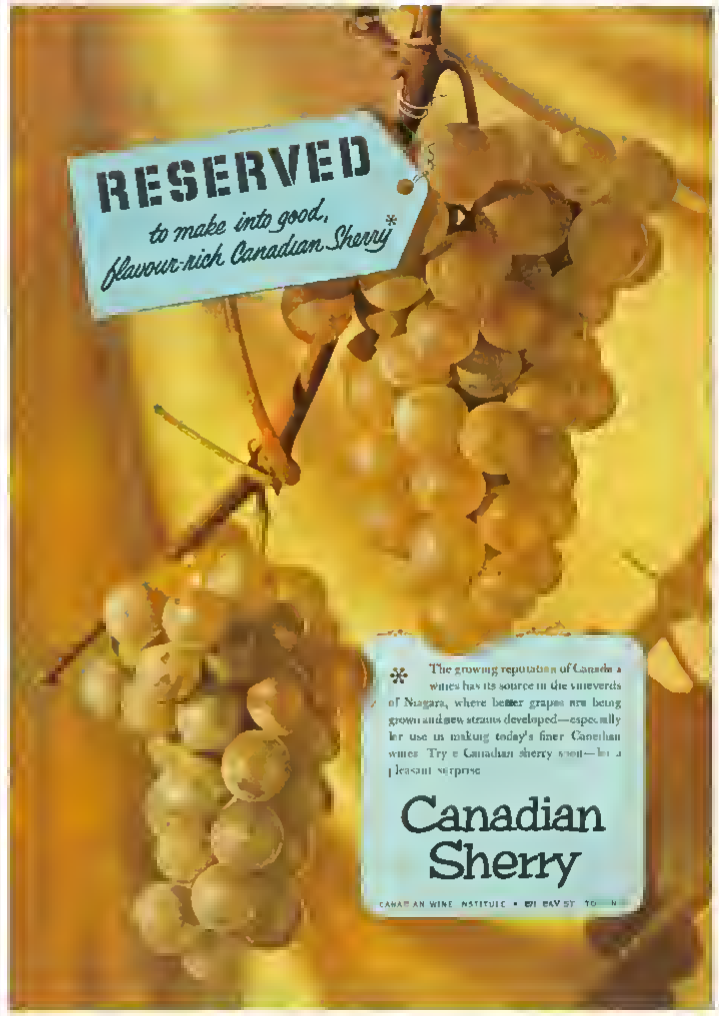
Townsend a blend of deep respect and assured good cheer had gradually made him not only a valued employee but a friend of the Royal Family His unabashed taste for flashy ties started in them an agreeable sense of indulgence Within a few months he was "Peter" to all of them—including Margaret. He made them laugh with imaginative quips on the fact that his immediate official superior was the Master of the King's Horse He invited them without shyness to his cottage for cocktails with his wife Servants at Windsor Castle noted that every time the Royal Family left the Townsend home they were alight with smiles.

Townsend was an excellent shot, which further commended him to the King Often when he accompanied the Royal Family to Sandringham Balmoral and other country residences he and George VI went out alone after pheasant

His duties were to be in attendance as required by various members of the family, to pass an ordeal to servants to handle household accounts and to make liaison with the dignitaries they were visiting When the family went to South Africa in 1947, for example Townsend traveled ahead to offer suggestions concerning the advance arrangements. At home he effected many economies and streamlined the duties of the royal servants He proved to the Queen Mother, for example that for certain types of entertaining it was cheaper, simpler and more enjoyable if the catering were handled by outside experts.

Margaret must have been studying him with growing admiration. One by one other suitors and potential suitors presented themselves The affable young Prince George of Greece, the Earl of Dalkeith who loved theatrical people and introduced Margaret to Danny Kaye the Marquis of Blandford, a big plump soldier known to his friends by the apt sobriquet of Sonny Billy Wallace, the half-American cosmopolitan who was such a good dancer, and the obvious eligibles like King Michael of Rumania and Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia whom she liked least of all.

In time she weaned of night life and began to reach out for more mature companionship And there in the background all the time was Peter Townsend Through him a new type of company was introduced to Margaret. They were intellectuals Among them were Isaiah Berlin, an Oxford don who has been called by his students "the cleverest man in the world" Alistair Forbes, a political columnist with a



Wine Recipe of the Month: SPANISH SHERRY CREAM

1 small jelly roll
1 tablespoon Canadian Sherry
2 tablespoons gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
2½ cups milk
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoons Canadian Sherry

Cut jelly roll in ½" wide slices. From 1 tablespoon sherry put a few drops of sherry on each slice Line an oiled mould or sponge cake tin with jelly roll slices. Soften gelatine in cold water

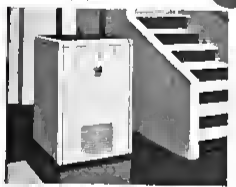
Scald milk in top of double boiler over hot water Beat egg yolks slightly, add 2 tablespoons sugar and salt Gradually add hot milk to eggs, stirring constantly. Return to double boiler and cook until custard coats the spoon, about five minutes, stirring constantly Remove from heat and add softened gelatine Cool until mixture begins to thicken and add vanilla Beat egg whites until stiff, gradually add ½ cup sugar. Fold beaten egg whites and sherry into slightly thickened custard Place by spoonfuls into mould lined with jelly roll slices. Chill until firm Unmould just before serving and garnish with sweetened whipped cream. Serves six. Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 15 1953 79

TIMKEN
Silent Automatic HEAT



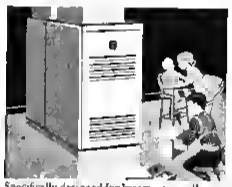
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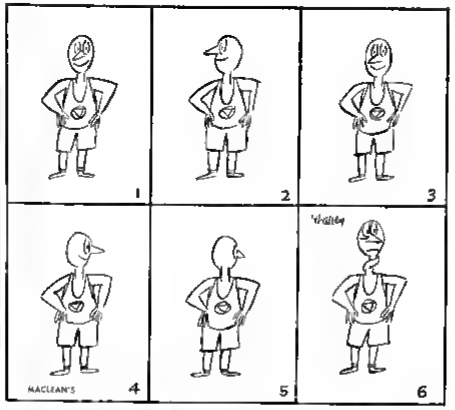
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penetrating eye and a tart pen. William Douglas-Home, the playwright, Julian Amery, the brilliant son of a brilliant statesman, and young Mark Bonham-Carter, the publisher.

Townsend's presence attentions were refreshing to Margaret. Once in Edinburgh when her parents went on an official round of duties he was asked to keep her amused. She gasped with delight when he purposefully led her incognito into the cheap seats at a gangster movie.

Once at a Sussex mansion when her traditional royal smile cracked into an uncontrollable yawn Townsend devised a pretext for leading her away. He took her for a quiet drink to a nearby thatched cottage where one of his sisters lived.

When George VI died he left Townsend the little green Ford car which he used to drive himself around the grounds at Windsor Castle. During the period of mourning there was little for the family to do but sit out the evenings in Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle. Townsend's company was more than ever in demand.

He played canasta with the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and Margaret. He talked to them of that outside world with which they have so little contact. To them he was the people and they adored him. He became as friendly with the Duke of Edinburgh as he had been with the late King.

One afternoon at Windsor Castle Edinburgh decided he would lay out a polo run in the grounds. With Townsend at his side and a group of groundsmen laden with pegs bringing up the rear, he strode out to the nine-hole golf course and selected a site. The groundsmen prepared to measure it out and drive in the pegs. Townsend said: "Come on. Let's do it ourselves." He took off his coat. Edinburgh followed suit. The groundsmen left them happily hammering away together.

At Buckingham Palace one evening Edinburgh and Townsend went to the pool for a swim. While they were undressing in the locker room a servant, thinking no one required the pool, locked the doors and went off to a pub. After their swim Edinburgh and Townsend had to hammer on the door to attract the attention of another servant. It was an hour before the man with the key was located. When he dashed back to the palace he found Edinburgh and Townsend singing in low and patent harmony.

As a royal favorite, Townsend saw little of his own home. He was often away for weeks. Mrs. Townsend became involved in an affair with John Adolphus de Laszlo, an expert merchant and a son of the late Philip de Laszlo, the society portrait painter. Townsend divorced her. The suit was undefended. Recently Mrs. Townsend married de Laszlo.

During the past twelve months as they strewed in the wind have shown the direction of Townsend and Margaret's friendship. Townsend took riding lessons from Major Ferguson, who is in charge of the stables at Windsor Castle. He proved a good pupil. Then he began visiting the stables in his lovat breeches and well-cut hacking jacket and asking for two saddled horses. He invariably led both horses away and brought both back without mentioning for whom the second was required. On these occasions W. C. Ellis, the castle superintendent, received special orders to open the Cambridge Gates to a car from Beckinghams Palace. In the car was Margaret, who, at the castle, changed into riding kit, rode with Townsend, changed back into street clothes and then drove off to London.

Margaret, aware of the controversy latent in Townsend's situation, became troubled as the romance progressed. She even went to see the Archbishop of Canterbury seeking advice. The Anglican Primate repented what her own family was advising. Take time. Take time.

By now Fleet Street knew what was going on and became highly nervous. Its sensitive barometers showed the mercury rising higher and higher on the monsoon of rumor. There would be a public outcry if the editors published too precipitate a story. There would be a loss of faith in the press if the truth were withheld for too long. It was an unpleasant dilemma which reminded them only too vividly of the confusion and shock which preceded Edward VIII's abdication.

In the annex of Westminster Abbey at the Coronation Ceremony when the Royal Family and their attendants were resting before the drive back to Buckingham Palace, Margaret was seen to look yearningly through the gathering toward the outer fringe where Townsend stood in dress uniform. At last she beckoned him toward her. Dutifully he approached. She then put up her hand to his right shoulder, lightly removed an imaginary hair, and gave him a tender smile. Then with evident reluctance she permitted him to return to the humbler distance.

A few days later Townsend was making arrangements to accompany the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on a tour of Southern Rhodesia. On his return he was to be promoted to comptroller of the Queen Mother's Household at Clarence House.

Then the New York Daily News broke the story of the romance. The British press could do nothing but follow it up. At once Townsend was dropped from the Queen Mother's Southern Rhodesian entourage.

The Royal Family is touchingly loyal to those who serve it. In face of the uncertainty of the public's reaction to Townsend, the Queen commanded him to accompany her and the Duke of Edinburgh on their tour of Northern Ireland. But while he was in Ireland last July it was officially announced that Townsend would be posted to the position of Air Attache to Brussels. Cruelly enough the date of his departure for Brussels was one day before the date of Margaret's arrival home from Rhodesia.

At the same time it was reported from Africa that Margaret had taken a royal car and "disappeared" for several hours. The next day it was reported that she had retired to bed with a cold.

On their return from Ireland late in July the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh said farewell at the station to Townsend. Each took his hand and held it long. The Queen gave him a comforting smile and reporters left the scene convinced that she was on the side of her sister and the equerry.

Townsend's job to Brussels is unimportant. It is a sinecure generally reserved for worthy but undistinguished officers. He has one assistant, a warrant officer. His office, tucked away in a corner of the British Embassy, is so small and has such large windows that the rest of the Embassy staff call it "The Hat Shop." Townsend has the use of a little Vanguard car but no chauffeur.

His first words on reaching the British Embassy in Brussels were an expression of apology for his bloodshot eyes. "I think," he said, "I must have been sulking in a draft."

Townsend will remain in the draft of uncertainty until next May or June, the earliest when the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh return from their tour of Australia. By then the government will have enacted changes in the constitution, not without vociferous opposition which will make the Duke of Edinburgh—rather than Margaret—regent should Prince Charles succeed to the throne before he comes of age. This will have the effect of making a marriage between Margaret and Townsend less contentious.

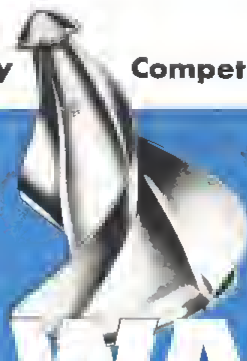
By the time of her return from Australia the Queen may have decided whether Margaret's fondness for Townsend is a passing fancy. By then if necessary some plan may have been devised to give them a dignified marriage even if it has to be held outside the Church of England.

Whatever the outcome there will be little opposition from the man in the street. Recently England's tabloid Mirror whose daily four and a half million circulation is the biggest in the world, polled its readers on the question of a wedding. Seventy thousand readers said Margaret and Townsend should be permitted to wed. Only two thousand said they shouldn't.

Hugh Cudlipp, the editorial director of the newspaper commented: "The Second Elizabethan Age is upon us and the days of the Puritans are numbered." ★

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The Biggest Kitchen Garden

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

red tractors follow precision straight rows of large holdings alongside five- and ten-acre plots dotted with the broad bottoms of men and women weeding onions and carrots on their knees. When the children are in school the long streets of the two marsh villages, Ansnorveld and Springdale, are practically deserted.

Viewed as square feet rather than as acres, the marsh expresses its seven hundred families. Dutch and Italian farmers and Sioux Scots and Amish will ever see millions dollars a year at current prices. There is enough vegetables to provide every Canadian man, woman and child with a mixed bagful each year. To the Marsh dwellers it means a fair sprinkling of Cadillacs among the Fords. Pontiacs and Plymouths that speed along the rough rutted swamp roads.

Naturalists crossing the marsh are less likely to see the naturalists. Members of a dozen or so clubs in Ontario and New York State they meet in little clusters near the CNR bridge at the edge of the marsh and across from Alex Noble's Riverview Inn. Wearing old clothes and rubber boots and armed with lunch box, binoculars, notebook, a bird or flower book and a camera they disappear into the still unplowed stretches of the marsh. Growers and dealers and business people in the booming town of Bradford at the northern edge of the marsh scarcely realize they're there. If it weren't for the cluster of parked cars they'd be as inconspicuous as the moonbathers who flourished deep in the swamp during Ontario's prohibition days.

"The marsh," according to Dr. R. M. Saunders, professor of history at the University of Toronto and a well known amateur ornithologist, is a finger of the north reaching down into southern Ontario to form a unique meeting place for a good variety of birds. It is the most southerly sphagnum (floating bog) in the province and the only area of its kind close to the country's densest population.

The duck hunters come only during a brief season. At any time of the year the marsh attracts members of the Bredin Club, who are all specialists in some branch of natural history, and members of the Toronto Ornithological Club. The Toronto Field Naturalists, the Brereton Club of Barrie, Ont., and other affiliates of the Federation of Ontario Naturalists as well as Bafalo Ornithological Society naturalists. Deep in the marsh you may meet the bearded young playwright Lister Sinclair. Professor T. F. Mallwraith of the Royal Ontario Museum or a group of school children on a nature study jaunt.

Once the area was famous for its wild orchids. Decades ago Toronto's parks department collected several varieties here and a team from the British Association for the Advancement of Science toured the marsh in 1924. Today the objective of the marsh prowling naturalists is more likely to be a Labrador tea shrub seldom seen so far south or a rare Lecontes sparrow or yellow rail.

The rail, closely related to New Zealand's famous flightless kiwi, is America's greatest mystery bird. Its body flattened to facilitate walking through dense marsh vegetation, it is literally "as thin as a rail" and is seldom flushed except by hard dogs. Fewer than half a dozen yellow rail nests have been found, one of them several years ago in Holland Marsh by O. E. David, author of Birds of Simcoe County. Although they continue to keep an eye open for them, naturalists admit there may be be remaining yellow rail nests nearer than James Bay. Almost as rare is Lecontes sparrow, a little buff prairie marsh bird with a thin bill. Holland Marsh is the only place where it is found regularly in Ontario.

Against the symphony of marsh birds at evening the growers point out that marsh lettuce commands a premium in New York and Chicago. There are several reasons why diners in Montreal's La Salle Hotel, Toronto's Club One-Two or Royal York Hotel, New York's Stork Club or housewives shopping in chain stores in Chicago enjoy their tossed green salad grown on the marsh. Most important factor in the excellence of marsh lettuce is the combination of sunny days and cool nights (at night the marsh is usually ten or fifteen degrees cooler than Toronto) and the spongelike muck which holds huge quantities of water and fertilizer. In dry seasons the marsh with its canals and rivers lends itself perfectly to irrigation. And not only does the marsh produce food for the most thickly populated part of the continent but it supports numerous side industries. Basket factories manufacture plants, firms supplying great quantities of fertilizer and enough poison used as sprays and dust to control insects and weeds and fungus to poison everyone in the country. Truckers transport tons of chilled produce every day and an average of two carloads are shipped out by the CNR.

Anxiously the conservationists watch the dredgers and dumpers and plows cut farther into the swamp. They recall sadly mistakes made by earlier pioneers: the highlands cleared of trees till they became dry and useless with no roots to hold back waters snows and spring run-offs. Is nothing to be saved, they ask, of this area of ancient glacial Lake Algonquin rich with life seeded out of the surrounding hills, this breeding ground for water fowl, this nature museum which attracts city folk and visiting tourists?

And so this local struggle goes on: seven hundred marsh families, who pay taxes on land valued at from six hundred to a thousand dollars an acre (compared with average highland value of a hundred dollars an acre), opposed in thousands of conservationists: mit bons of dollars worth of food against wild orchids and pitcher plants; man's material needs against a long list of intangibles; pine the tangible claim that the balance of nature is being disturbed.

Holland Marsh remained untouched for nearly three hundred years after the arrival of Europeans in Canada. Etienne Brulé waded through it on his way to become the first white man to see Lake Simcoe. It was named for Major S. Holland, first surveyor general of Upper Canada, and not as is popularly supposed for the Dutch market gardeners who came much later. In 1823 John Galt of the Canada Land Company dismissed the Holland River which flows through the swamp as a mere ditch swarming with bullfrogs and water snakes.

Nor did the first industry cutting marsh hay for mattresses affect the wildness of the marsh. Paul Conrier who came up from Montreal cut the first hay with a scythe and curled it into ropes. Soon he was employing settlers and their sons, paying the best workers up to a dollar to roll twenty ropes. Among them were the Collings boys. Ben, Dan and Ernie. Ben still living in Bradford recalls that marsh hay dried for six months loosened and curled inside as fine a mattress as you'd want. "At the turn of the century Ben Collings bought from William (later Sir William) Mulock, postman Canadian postmaster general, five hundred and sixty-seven acres for five hundred dollars, no interest pay ments you ran." Collings was soon able to pay for his piece of marsh. In 1912 he was using a power press and by World War I he and others were cutting some twelve thousand acres of marsh hay for mattresses.

Collings knew his industry hadn't made any difference to the wildlife of the marsh when in 1918 flocks of wild geese and ducks hid the sun when they rose to their tens of thousands to continue their spring journey north. Thirty years later Collings was to sell the land which cost him less than a dollar an acre for just five hundred times as much.

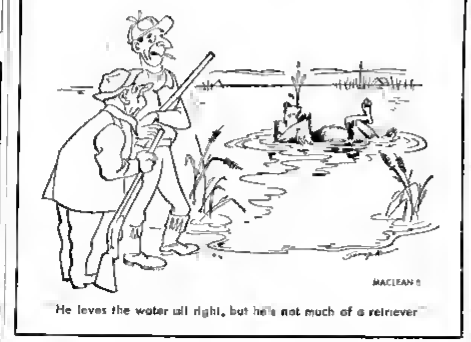
But as early as 1910 the fate of the marsh had been sealed. Dave Watson, a young Scottish born grocer in Bradford watched the vast expanse of grass rippling under the wind and wondered if it couldn't be put to use. He invited Prof. W. H. Day of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph to look the marsh over. What he saw excited the professor. He probed into rich muck that ran to a depth of sixty feet in places and pronounced it "identical with Kalamazoo, Mich., famous for the quality and quantity of its celery."

In 1912 Day formed a syndicate with D. Paul Munro, later MPP for South Wellington and Judge R. L. McKinnon of Guelph. They bought four thousand acres and Day grew test crops of vegetables. War postponed the enterprise and after the war the syndicate failed to raise enough private capital to drain the area. Local farmers scoffed at the idea of putting up money and later paying taxes on "that useless swamp."

But the township of West Gwillimbury and the town of Bradford got behind the scheme. In 1925 Day's plan was begun. A huge dredge cut a canal seventeen miles long and seven feet deep around the marsh, throwing up the muck to form a road. At the eastern end a dam linked the dyked banks and there the pumping station was located. Most of the time the pumps are kept busy pumping water from the dyked area but to dry seasons water is siphoned back into the gardens for irrigation. The cost of reclaiming the seven thousand acres was about twenty one dollars an acre.

But even when the muck had been drained the first growers knew little about this highly specialized type of farming. Most disliked working on their knees and prices for their produce were low. Market gardeners couldn't even hold the land they had cleared with carrots fetching thirty two cents a bushel." old timer Ben Collings recalls today. "The Davis brothers, Lou and Dave, remember that more than once they had nothing to eat but the vegetables they grew when they were clearing their first small plots. Today the Davis brothers occupy handsome bungalows topped with TV aerials.

As plot after plot reverted to the township for tax arrears the highland farmers bordered and the duck hunters



He loves the water all right, but he's not much of a retriever



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CANADIANECDOTE



The Patriotic Nuisance

ONE OF the queerest characters taking part in the Fraser River gold rush in 1858 was an Australian by the name of John Brett. Butt's chief occupation seemed to be keeping clear of the law.

Occasionally he turned his hand to honest employment in Victoria, headquarters for the rush, and one of his first jobs was that of town crier. Given a huge bell, he was instructed to announce all important government proclamations. At the conclusion of each announcement he was to call loudly, God Save the Queen.

Brett carried out these instructions faithfully as long as anyone was within earshot, but when he felt sure he was alone would end up with God Save John Brett. When the authorities eventually heard about this he was out of a job.

Then he went into the scavenging business. Procuring a horse and cart, he took a contract with the city to clean up Government Street. Loading his cart with the filth and mud from Government, he drove around to Yates Street and there, raising the tailboard of the cart, a few inches proceeded to deposit his load as he drove along. Then he got a contract to clean up Yates Street and proceeded to dump the rubbish back on Government Street.

From "honest" employment he turned to petty thievery and from that it was a short step to selling whisky to Indians. Butt soon found himself slated for the chain gang.

The morning after his conviction word was sent to the magistrate that Brett had suffered a stroke during the night. Doctors were summoned and every test given to see if he were malingering. Pins stuck into his legs above the knee produced howls of pain, but below the knee not a quiver. Finally the doctors gave up and pronounced Butt paralyzed in both legs from the knees down. He was removed to hospital.

The local townspeople felt sorry for him and sent in hampers of food and an occasional bottle of rum. A wheelchair was procured and the weather being mild, Butt spent most of each day sitting outdoors beneath the hospital balcony.

An attendant passing overhead one morning happened to look down and observed Brett move one leg slightly. Continuing to watch he saw him move the other leg. Hastening to the resident doctor he reported what he had seen. The doctor ordered three buckets of cold water taken to the balcony and then proceeded to empty one of them on Butt's head. At the shriek of the first hucketful Brett leaped to his feet, and at the second and third he took off and ran like a deer in the direction of town. He was not seen again around his old haunts.

There is one thing Butt did in his hectic career that stands to his credit. In 1859 there was a strong movement in Victoria to have the United States annex the colony of Vancouver Island and the movement steadily gained favor with the populace. Butt's assertion was to become intensely loyal to the crown.

Erecting a miniature gallows on Wharf Street he would call out the names of the leaders of the annexation movement and spring the trap as he did so. At first people took this as a joke but soon realized he was sincere. Brett and his miniature gallows were given a large share of the credit for saving the colony for the crown.—W. J. Christensen

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay $50. Incidents source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

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smiled happily. Prof. Dry whose original acreage formed the earliest gardens, was charged with pedaling the list of those who petitioned for the drainage scheme and freed an official investigation. The charge was dropped because the list couldn't be found. Dry died in 1936, broke but still believing in the potential value of the marsh.

The marsh might have reverted to the herdfrogs and water snakes except for a few Dutch growers. Peter Rodis was a Dutchman who had taken up a plot in 1928. He learned to speak and read English from the comic strips and by listening to the hymns in the little local Presbyterian church. He also managed to make a living on the marsh because he and his ancestors for generations had cultivated the same kind of muck in Holland. Looking short for suitable land for Dutch emigrants, J. J. Snor, Canadian representative of the Dutch Emigration Foundation, visited Rodis in 1930.

Snor knew that his fellow countrymen would be happy here and selected eighteen families. The federal government, the Province of Ontario and the Dutch government put up a total of six hundred dollars for each family. On that each family had to build a house, clear a five-acre plot, buy machinery, seed and fertilizer and live until the first crop was harvested.

Somehow they managed. That first winter the men hauled firewood from the swamp on hand sleds. Occasionally a deer that winter they were plentiful and so tame they looked in windows of the new shacks—eked out the meagre meat supply.

Sheer necessity led the Dutch farmers to club together to buy implements, fertilizer and seed. The Dutch Growers Association, under the leadership of Jan Rupke, a stalwart bearded man who is still active, was in fact the marsh's first co-operative, and co-operatives were to play a vital role in Holland Marsh prosperity. With Rupke were men like Frank van Meek who had arrived in Halifax during the worst days of the depression with two dollars, worked his way west and saved enough to buy a small plot at sixteen dollars an acre. He cleared it with pick and shovel. Soon there were other families, names now well-known not only in the marsh but in the produce business right across the continent. Verkaaks and Horlings, Hoekmeiers and Van Dyks, Dees and Vrhoteyns. They called their little community Annamvald, literally, On Snor's Field. In Jan Rupke's words, "We vowed to keep together so that our children could marry and get farms about us and be a community." They built churches and a school, and the first day the school bell rang it summoned twenty-five blue-eyed, yellow-haired children to class.

During the war and since, the patchwork plots have spread into what is called the New Marsh. Lean tax brave enlarged the original rough shacks, but even so the gardeners' homes are often dwarfed by stacks of bushel hampers waiting to be filled. During World War II new warehouses were built on the highway near Bradford and the town spread out in all directions. Always, stalls motorists headed south to Toronto or north to summer cottages got into the habit of buying more cabbages, onions and beets than they could possibly use. The Dutch close their stalls on Sundays, but enough remain open to create a major traffic jam.

After the war the marsh pattern changed. New red tractors hurled cultivating, weeding and even harvesting machinery until only a few small holdings were worked by men and women on their knees. The ware-

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SALES AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST

houses doubled, then trebled, their capacity

Holland River Gardens Ltd., capitalized at half a million dollars, is one of the largest outfits in the marsh today. It is the family business of the Herlings who came from Chatham, Ont., in 1936 with six hundred dollars. George Herling Sr. is dead now but his four sons are all in business on the marsh one as independent grower, three in the firm. Like their neighbors, the Herlings worked their first plots on their knees. Then they decided that growing and marketing vegetables were two distinct operations. They became specialists one brother managing production another personnel and a third, George, the youngest and now president of the firm, handling marketing.

George Herling, forty-one, bronzed by sun and wind, was convinced that garden-fresh produce, properly handled, could be sold across Canada—and beyond. In 1946 the family stashed their combined savings on a modern ice packing plant. In a vast building special machines do the chores long familiar in every kitchen when they wash and pack truckloads of spinach picked a few hours earlier by marsh growers who get up before dawn. Bushel baskets of produce are rushed onto assembly lines operated by crews of fourteen girls and two men. The men do the heavy work, lifting bushel baskets removing waste, but they can't compete with girls at cleaning and packing vegetables. Eight girls and a couple of men can pack a carload of celery: five hundred crates each holding thirty-six stalks, in three hours. The same job takes ten men four and a half hours.

Similar operations take place in the other plants: Superior Packers, Federal Farms, Hochreiters and the Bradford Co-operative Storage Limited, formed in 1945 by one hundred and fifty growers.

All along that little first Dutch Association had been gaining recruits to the original co-op idea, even though the marsh growers are naturally individualistic. Now the co-op has two hundred and fifty members. The plant holds about one hundred and twenty thousand crates of celery, a quarter of a million bushel hampers. Capitalized at a quarter of a million dollars, with assets valued at upwards of seven hundred and fifty thousand. In 1952 it handled $328,000 worth of fertilizers and pesticides and fungicides alone.

But for years there had been too many hard cabbages, too much crisp celery, too many bags of beets dumped on the market at the same time. Adequate storage had helped, but it couldn't ensure a steady market. By 1950 marsh growers and dealers were ready for more orderly marketing.

About ninety percent of them, men of a dozen ethnic groups, held meeting after meeting. They were shareholders of the large firms, owners of ten acre plots, members of the Bradford co-op. They agreed to form the Bradford Marsh Vegetable Growers Marketing Scheme.

The Scheme, pronounced with a capital S locally, deducts ten percent for handling, transportation and storage. It is effective during an agreed-on growing season only, and after that growers and dealers market independently. The Scheme meets each day at noon and sets prices for the following twenty-four hours. Twelve men representing large and small dealers, independents and co-operatives, truckers and dealers.

Negotiating vegetable prices is somewhat like forecasting the weather. Indeed it is closely tied in with weather. A week when Chicago sizzles at one hundred degrees raises the value of marsh celery. Marsh lettuce at its most delectable when other supplies are over, has brought as much as nine dollars a crate of thirty-six heads on New York when poorer varieties fetched as little as three fifty. (The marsh grower may receive anything from a dollar to three-fifty a pack—a single crate or hamper of any produce—and is satisfied with an average of two dollars.) And though Toronto is the marsh's biggest buyer, drought conditions in the Maritimes or Saskatoon increase demands just as favorable growing weather in these areas forces marsh growers to hold their own produce in storage. Even California affects marsh marketing, in spite of being three thousand miles away from the continent's densest population, compared with Holland Marsh's five hundred, it is the Canadian area's main competitor.

And now, backed by increased storage facilities and the marketing scheme they're clearing the New Marsh, the area which supplied many a spicy newspaper story during Ontario's prohibition days. Deep in the marsh

THE CAGEY TYPE

Where is my son? He left behind
A hungry dog. No doubt I'd find
Him at the zoo—that's where he goes to
Feed some beast he's *not* supposed to!

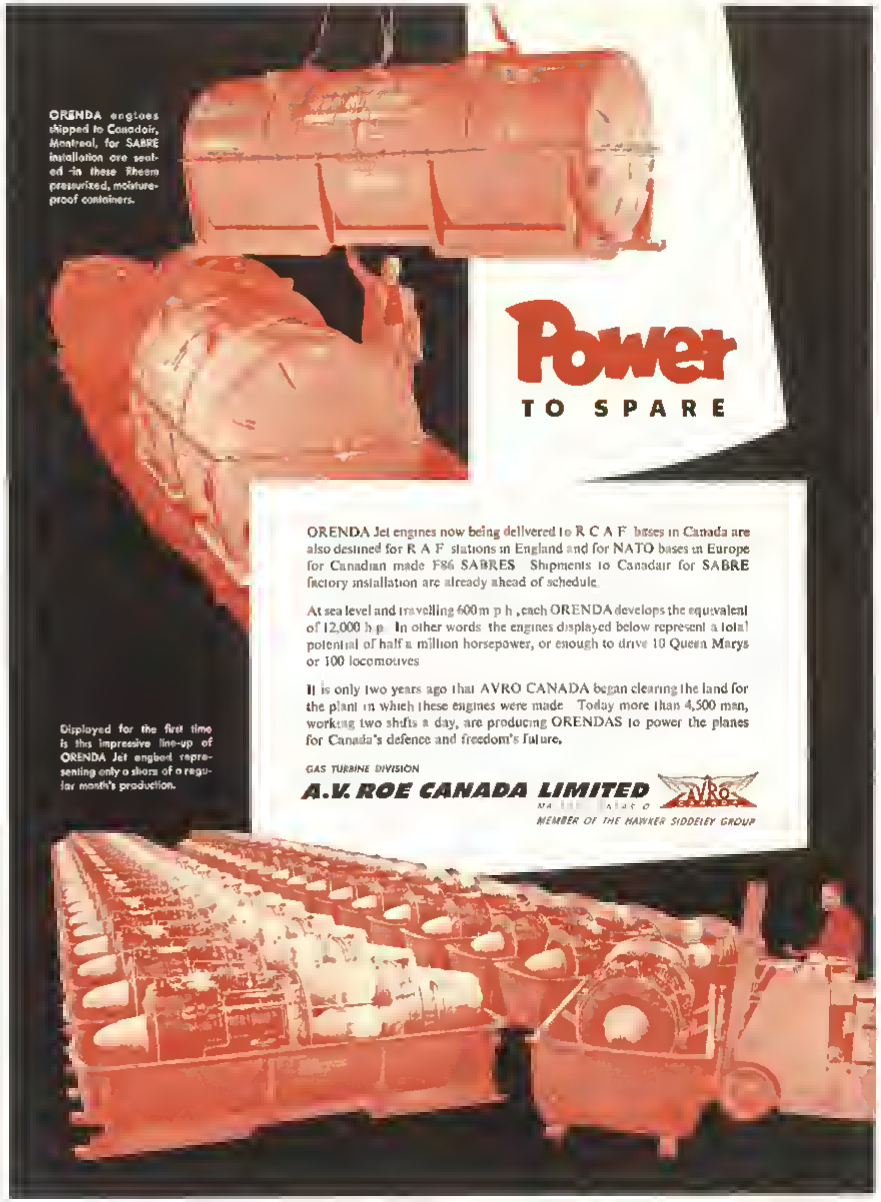
IVAN T. COLLINS

moonshiners distilled hooch from barley, turnips or potato peelings. Anyone who penetrated the paths through the tamarac swamp beyond the river, a luxuriant willow screen did so at his own risk. Periodically the police raided some dreary unpainted, uncurtained shack and arrested an offender. Occasionally negotiations between moonshiners and contraband dealers flared into violence. Sometimes there were killings and at least eighteen bodies have been taken from the river by Ben Collings—a commercial fisherman since the marsh-hay mattress business languished.

Now the new marsh is crisscrossed with gravel roads, rough and rutted from trucks and heavy dredging machinery. The sue giants on brown water in newly dredged ditches linking ten acre plots that will support a family comfortably to three hundred acre holdings which earn incomes in five and six figures. Whether the naturalists like it or not—and so far they have made no concerted effort to battle the growers' organizations—the gardeners plan to stay and to expand still further.

"The Dutch," George Herling explains, "have worked muck like this for centuries. They guard it against fire—a carelessly tossed cigarette can burn out acres of valuable bog. They nourish it and protect it to grow vegetables where nature grew only marsh hay. But most important, all of us, Dutch and others, love the marsh."

Maybe that sentiment will have to satisfy the naturalists and the conservationists. Meanwhile there are still fish in the marsh streams: pike and carp and on occasional lunge. There's still a stretch of marsh and swamp dotted with ponds just north of Bradford now leased as a muskrat preserve and suitable for a small nature sanctuary. It's not too promising for vegetable growing and each autumn when the winds blow cold across Cook's Bay ducks and duck hunters meet there. But at Holland Marsh it seems that the material needs of a large urban population will soon oust the recreational values of the ancient lake bed where wildflowers bloom and shy birds sing on the alder branches ★



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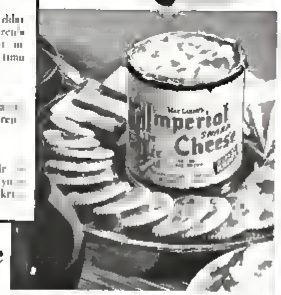
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MAILBAG



HARRY WOULD HANG 'EM

I notice Fred Bodsworth's article, The Hidden Menace of the Super-highway (Aug. 1). In my opinion, there is a way to stop accidents. If a driver has been drinking and is the cause of another person losing his life, hang 'em. I know such a law will never be passed, but it is the only sure cure. —Harry Stewart, Nanaimo, B.C.

● When I first came to Magog from Scotland last November the speed of the cars terrified me and I had to summon all my courage to cross the road. —Nura Maultrun, Magog, Que.

● If the difference in fatalities between fifty and seventy miles an hour is causing so much disaster and grief, enforce the lower figure in Canada and the U.S. for one year and see what the results would be. —J. D. Fraser, Collingwood, Ont.

Opium for Murderers

Stop hanging the insane, by Sidney Katz (Aug. 1), is utter nonsense. Every person who commits murder should be put to death. Nineteen times out of twenty the plea of insanity is all poppycock. The method of execution should be changed because hanging seems sadistic and barbarous. The gas chamber, laudanum or some other form of opium would be more in accordance with civilization. —M. H. Dobie, Vancouver.

Blue for a Prisoner

To your article, The Strange Rites of Royalty (June 1), there was an error which might seem trivial to your readers but which should be corrected in fairness to one of Canada's outstanding manufacturers and on all Canadian company.

The firm I refer to showed lavishness and initiative in introducing luxury handkerchiefs in various pastel colors under the brand name "Face-Elle." Six Pastels. They are the only colored handkerchiefs made in Canada. So obviously this was the product supplied to "the Vancouver relaxed resort" on the occasion of the Queen's Canadian tour—not "blue Kleenex" as mentioned in the article.—Boyd Heaven, Hamilton.

What Is Humor?

● In all seriousness, are the Robert Thomas Allen stories in Maclean's supposed to be humor? There is a difference between humor and sheer silliness or drivel. If these articles be represented as humor, may heaven to its broad and enduring mercy forgive. —M. B. Cody, Nanaimo, B.C.

● For wit and humor and hard-hitting facts, How to Kill Yourself (the Summer Way, by Robert Thomas Allen) is priceless.—Mrs. W. J. Gibson, Kingston, Ont.

Do Even Readers Err?

From interested in the first Matthag contribution (July 15)—a Newfoundland correspondent criticizes you for a "mistake in grammar" in your May 1 issue, and for a similar error in the May 15 issue. It is encouraging to note that your readers are alert in their reading. They should be careful not to err themselves.

Grammar is the science that treats of the principles which govern the correct use of language. There is no such thing as "good" or "bad" grammar unless one is prepared to challenge the principles which underly this science in any language. A slip of the pen in using an incorrect construction is NOT an error in grammar, but an error in English.—J. M. Denyss, Toronto.

Why the Scots Fled

I was rather surprised to come across the following sentence in David MacDonald's article, How 5X Saved the Mi'kmaqs (June 1): 'Most of the people around Antigonish were descendents of Scottish Catholics who fled from religious persecution.' If religious persecution was the reason for the emigration of Highlanders from Scotland, how does he account for the fact that thousands of Protestant Highlanders emigrated at the same time as the Roman Catholics and that there are still many Roman Catholic Highlanders in Scotland whose ancestors apparently did not flee persecution? In Historic Nova Scotia, published by the government of that province, it is stated that 'in 1802 three hundred and seventy Scottish Catholics arrived from Barra and settled in Antigonish. In the same year eight hundred and forty-five Presbyterians arrived in Pictou county.'



After the Rebellion of 1745 the British government turned the Highland chiefs into landlords. The clansmen were made their private property. The new landlords proceeded to clear the estates as it was called. This consisted of expelling the clansmen to make room for sheep or cattle. This was the cause of the great emigration of the Highlanders to lands overseas. —Kenneth Stewart, Verdun, Que.

We Caught a Crab or Two

Your article, The Forgotten Idiot of the Eighties (June 1), was as interesting as it was inaccurate. Writer Fergus Cronin failed to record one incident in his career. During Hanlan's training at Putney, (England) where the Cambridge University crew was training a friendly impromptu race was held over a two-mile course in which Hanlan was a second by two lengths, to S. O. Muttlebury, of Cambridge.

The Hanlan-Trickett race was not rowed on the Henley championship course of four miles and a quarter. In the first place, that course is only two miles in length and the river there not of sufficient width to enable scullers to turn. It was rowed from Putney to Mortlake.

For say that the Oxford-Cambridge is also rowed at Henley—it is also rowed Putney to Mortlake. I took part in the Oxford-Cambridge event on two occasions and also competed in the Diamond Sculls and had the pleasure of seeing Hanlan race twice. I am satisfied that until he met Bench he was the greatest sculler in the world, but was never at any period in his life comparable to Bench.—H. M. Nicolls, Lynnmour, B.C.

● This writer thinks the article would have been much improved by the omission of reference to the episode after the passing of the "winning post"—for correctly termed "turning stake"—when Hanlan met Trickett. As one who witnessed the incident, I think it was the most disgraceful piece of horseplay imaginable; certainly something no gentleman or one of true sense of sportsmanship would have committed. The crowd was so tumultuously incensed by this unsportsmanlike action that projected horses and yells of contempt greeted Hanlan from all sides.—G. P. Collyer, London, Ont.

P.S. The date was 1882 not 1892 as printed.—G.P.C.

● Digging recently in forgotten family archives I came on the verses entitled "Hanlan" by my father, W. H. C. Kerr, barrister of Brantford, and I questioned whether another copy of these survived anywhere in Canada. Now I have the answer in the fine article by Fergus Cronin, who appropriately has totally read the poem. My father, who was a gold medallist in classics at Toronto University in 1859 (and founder of the McCaul Medal in Classics), was given to versifying. He died in 1891.—Constance Kerr Sissons, Whitby, Ont.

Echoes of the Coronation Issue

I read those senseless carping petty letters dealing with the British royalty in Mailbag. I'm sick of them. I think the only reason you print them is that you get some gleeful pleasure from seeing those righteous old women defrauding their gullible dreams of princesses and princes from their revolting, scurrilous, dusty-old, cheap, common jokers who keep them screaming.—D'Arcy MacDonald, Halifax.

● What is Berton after? Is he venting his spleen? Some paragraphs of Berton's look just like cheap backstairs gossip, perhaps from some disgruntled servant.

In countries of Communist bearing such remarks about the governing head would have resulted in a prison term. He taken unfair advantage of the magnanimity of the throne.—Edwin M. Allerdyce, London, Ont.

● To one who lived through the fever of imperialism that raged in this country in the early years of this century and who saw our English-speaking press (with one notable exception) completely hypnotized by the flood of that propaganda, it is particularly refreshing to see the great change that has come about. And incidentally, amusing to see the angry disapproval displayed by the remnant of superior "imperial-colonials" still with us. Perhaps they yet may accept the advice of the lady who wrote from Cobble Hill, B.C. that they should remove the rose-colored spectacles and try to see life realistically.—Mackenzie is to be



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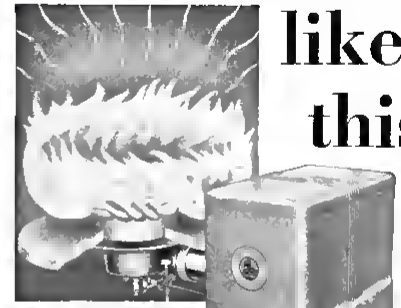
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CHEVROLET
A General Motors Value

More People Buy Chevrolet Trucks Than Any Other Make

congratulated for its sound Canadianism —F J MacKinnon, Vancouver

● I too resent extremely your publishing those appalling articles on our beloved Queen I see that he sneaked to arrange the articles in book form to be published in the States I am more than surprised that a magazine of the repute of Maclean's would publish such utter fabrications How could a person of Pierre Berton's standing know anything of Elizabeth's private life? —Katherine Ellis Winnipeg

● To me it is a saddening sight to see a mongrel snapping at the heels of a thoroughbred —Charles Wilson Ottawa

● There was in the time of the first Elizabeth a scurrilous pamphleteer, somewhat after our Pierre's own calibre with some success at the trade of slandering his betters I forget the fellow's name but he was taken to the public scaffold and had his right hand stricken off with a butcher's cleaver

Now we are not likely to revert to this form of punishment for scurrilous writers even such who maliciously slander dead kings and queens, but I'm here to say that if we should so revert, the punishment could not be inflicted on a nicer and more deserving fellow than Berton.—John MacQuoid, Gibbons, Alta

● I was simply shocked to read the statement that Queen Elizabeth "has two swear words she isn't afraid to use damn and bloody" Unless this and similar statements are deleted I feel sure if informed she will *forbid* the publication of Berton's articles in expanded book form next year It simply cannot be true —Mabel E. Archibald, Saint John.

● I hope them criticisms don't bother writer Pierre Berton as much as they do me I feel sure he has worked hard to give us the truth about our royal family and I feel sure he does not appreciate being called a liar If Mr. Berton said that the Queen remarked that it looked as if she were pinching a book from the church,' then I feel certain that is what she said, and I don't know as I'd call the Queen a way of speaking 'atrocious grammar' —D. Austin Vancouver

● I have just read Pierre Berton's article and it STINKS I am furious that anybody with an ounce of Canadian blood (?) in them should write such an article —Kathleen Reynolds Sheffield, Eng

● The article by Pierre Berton was very good except for the assumption that Prince Charles will one day be King Charles the Third of England I am sure the British monarchy will lose much of its popularity if he ever is The Stuart dynasty has not been a popular dynasty in England and I am very sorry the heir to the throne is called Charles as Charles Stuart and the first King Charles are poor examples for him to follow I hope, when he assumes the crown, he will take the name of King George the Seventh, as George is one of his names —A D. Allin, Friderich, Ont

● Berton a description of our Royal Family I find very interesting and of the various members I think Alexandra would be my favorite

Why?

Well her keeping a drawer stuffed with five pound notes of which any charitan could have one for the asking sounds very attractive to me And when he tells of her feeding her husband a favorite mistress to the bedside of the failing monarch to brighten his dying hours I am sure that's the kind of wife I would like to have, too — C A. Johnson, Driftpile Alta

● What right has Pierre Berton to deal with such a delicate subject? No English writer has attempted it! It is show business. But the blame is on you for not having it properly edited —H Mathewson, Leeden, Eng

● Berton pictures Queen Victoria as a recluse dwelling constantly on the thought of her husband's grave Near Florence in Italy there is the beautiful Villa Palmieri famous for having been the scene of Boccaccio's Decameron In 1873 the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres bought it and in 1885, Queen Victoria accepted Lady Crawford's invitation to spend some weeks at the villa The Queen so much enjoyed her visit that she returned in the spring of 1893 for a longer sojourn —Mrs Andrew J Rus, Alma Ont

Samson, Not Elijah

In the article on Anna Russell (June 15) Clyde Gilmour speaks of her singing Let The Bright Seraphim as an



excerpt from Mendelssohn's Elijah Mendelssohn had not even been born when this role was written It is found in Handel's oratorio of Samson — H C Hamilton Toronto

Americans Not Wanted

In reference to Mrs. Leone Wheeler's letter in Mailbag (May 1)—please no articles by American writers Maclean's is really quite a refreshing change —Miss M Carmuh, Calgary

● Forget Mrs Wheeler's United States writers and let us remember that we own more than a half of "America" which we call Canada —A R Hannaford, Burlington, Ont

Mac Compliments

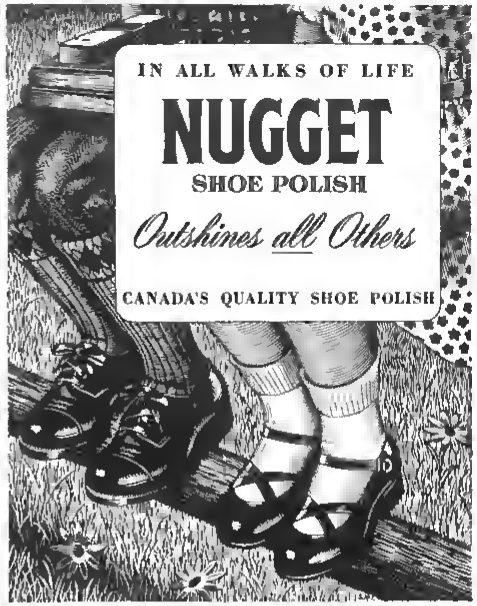
Congratulations for the outstanding article on Louis Hémon Vagabond Genius (June 15) Your correspondent penned it very right the resemblance is striking Homer who was blind, looked at the people of Attica Hémon, who was deaf listened to French Canada *Bien à vous* —Donat Coste Montreal.

The Maple Leaf Brand

'Let's have some British fair play,' says J D Elliott (Mailbag, June 15) If Mr Elliott is a Canadian he would be satisfied with Canadian fair play, that being the only brand we have in Canada—thanks to Mackenzie and Papineau in 1837 —R H Irving Winnipeg

Amazing Amusing Mailbag

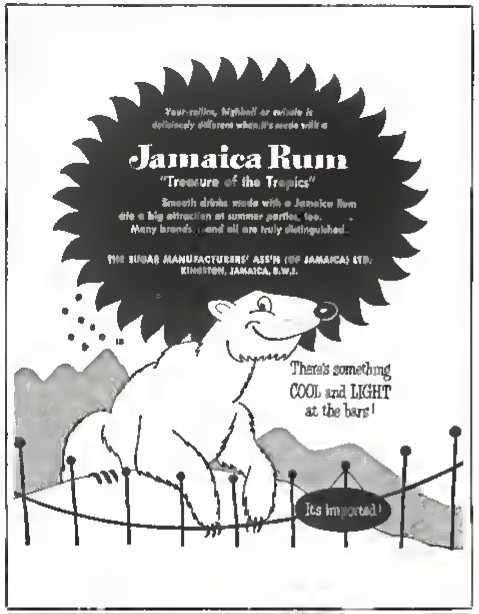
One of the most amusing features of Maclean's is the Mailbag Isn't it amazing—the difference of opinion between different sections of readers? —N L Simpson Toronto ★





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Can The West Keep Its Toehold In Egypt?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

council will rule by decree They intend to govern according to "constitutional principles," they say but all this really means is that they will follow the constitution when they want to and not when they don t

Among the embittered ex landowners and ex politicians, theoretically ruined by land reform but still enjoying their usual comfort at the Gezira Sporting Club it is fashionable to compare Naguib to Hitler They gleefully quote the German Embassy s joke about Adolf Naguib and Heinrich (Himmler) Nasser! —Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser Deputy Premier and Minister of Internal Security But in spite of superficial resemblances there are some important and undenied differences between Naguib s dictatorship and that of Hitler and Mussolini

The most important is a complete absence of bloodshed

Hitler and Mussolini both came to power with a background of thuggery and murder In the military revolt which raised Naguib to power just one man lost his life—a corporal shot down by King Farouk s men in the pre-dawn hours of Liberation Day

There have been no murders judicial or otherwise One counter revolutionary plot led by a Colonel Rashad Mahenon who had been one of the revolutionary leaders at the outset has been detected and frustrated Mahanna and several others are in jail but nobody has been executed

Naguib Learned in Night School

Another distinction is the curious absence of personal hatred among Naguib s political enemies They speak very harshly indeed of the young officers who put him into power, and contemptuously of his agrarian and other reforms which they regard as Utopian and naive but they don t as a rule attack Naguib himself More commonly they profess a grudging and patronizing respect for him

Meeting the man you can understand why I know that dictators often appear to be simple ingratiating souls, and that even so astute an observer as Mackenzie King thought Hitler was a "simple peasant" as late as 1937 Allowing for all that, I still report that Mohammed Naguib gives the impression of a good-humored decent unpretentious human being

He is a singularly homely man of fifty two who looks rather like a genial monkey The wrinkles in his leathery face are so deep you could hide a dime in them and they look as if they were dug by laughter rather than by scowls Nothing in his personal record before 1952 shows any of the sumptuous of neurotic personal ambition which are standard equipment for most oriental Caesars Naguib was a perfectly ordinary soldier who took thirty years to be promoted from second lieutenant to full colonel Until 1948 the only thing in his biography to distinguish him from any other colonel was the fact that he went to night classes at Cairo University thirty-odd years ago and earned a degree in law

Oddest fact of all is that Naguib was not even a member of the military group which planned the revolution until a few months before the day of action

I heard about the revolt from one of the men who did plan it —Wing Commander Gamal Salem, member of the Revolutionary Council and principal father of the new land reform which is designed to smash the ancient feudal system of Egypt We sat and talked from midnight to four a m one hot night in Cairo and he told me the young officers' own version of their movement and their coup

Egypt is probably the only country in the world which ever had a revolution conducted by a little college club The original nine members of the Revolutionary Council (they ve added two since the coup besides Naguib) were members of the classes of 1938 and 1939 at the Egyptian Military College

They used to meet at college and ever since to talk politics and brood about the plight of Egypt their class seem to have been those conventional arenas young radicals in all countries. Not until after the Palestinian War, 1948 50 did they begin to think seriously of trying to overthrow the government The graft corruption military incompetence and national paralysis which that war revealed were enough Gamal Salem said to turn a group of vaguely radical young politicians into a revolutionary plot

"We realized we d have to get ourselves a leader someone the people would know and trust" he said "So in the spring of 1952 we asked General Naguib if he would join us

How did they come to pick Naguib an obscure figure up to that time instead of some other general?

That was easy" Gamal Salem said bitterly "He was the only general who did any fighting in the Palestine War

Apparently this was literally true The typical general according to reports did his fighting from Cairo Naguib actually led his men in the field and was wounded three times, the third wound was very nearly mortal This war record was enough to make Naguib a hero then and still in the years men who were planning the revolution

But although they speak of him with deference and affection the young colonels don t necessarily do as Naguib says Power in Egypt resides not in the president but in the Revolutionary Council of twelve Naguib as President and Prime Minister has a casting vote in the event of a tie but he has not otherwise his powers are the same as those of every other member Decisions are taken by majority vote

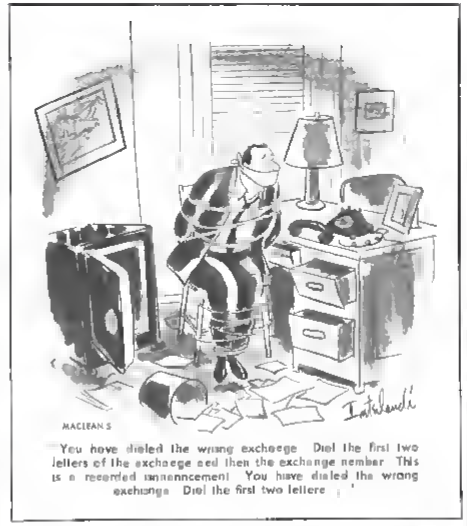
Therefore the typical remark of political opponents is that "old Naguib" is not the real power at all just a front man And certainly there have been one or two cases embarrassing to Naguib and annoying to the foreign community in Egypt, when his personal decisions have been overruled by the young extremists of the council

One of these is Major Salah Salem who as Minister of National Guidance has charge of propaganda Salah Salem was quoted shortly before our arrival as saying "it is every Egyptian s duty to hate the British" While we were there he promised, in an Arabic broadcast to the people of the canal zone to distribute all the surplus arms in the Egyptian Army s depots to Egyptian civilians That they might ambush the hated foreigner He gave us a two-hour press conference at which he said nothing as extreme as that but did talk a lamentable lot of nonsense

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Salah Salem is responsible for several features of the Naguib regime which are most repugnant to Western visitors. One of them is the censorship Naguib himself abolished the censorship of incoming and outgoing foreign news which King Farouk used to enforce, but a censor still sits in every Egyptian newspaper and magazine office with authority to kill any story he doesn t like

In theory the censor s future function and purpose are to prevent deliberate distortion of news and the publication of deliberate falsehoods by the wealthy Old Guard who own the Press and everything else in Egypt That s the theory In practice there is what happened when a friend of mine called on the editor of an Arabic daily in Cairo

They had just settled down for morning coffee when a message arrived for the managing editor He dashed back to his own office and didn t reappear for half an hour When he finally came back he explained what had kept him

"This morning the censor ordered us to put our biggest headline on a story about the Suez Canal he said. (He didn t say what the story was.) "My whole front page was built around it Then just now the censor suddenly told us that not a word of that story must be printed on my account I had to tear the front page to pieces just as we were going to press

But despite these restrictions on the freedom Canadians are used to and despite the fact that Naguib s regime has abolished elections and is ruling by decree he and his colleagues still earnestly affirm that "we have brought to people liberty" Perhaps they have The word means different things in different places

Three years ago when I paid a brief visit to Cairo a Canadian who lived there said "You don t realize what goes on in this country A pasha like that fellow he pointed to a fat man who had just come out of the hotel and was looking around with an expression of indescribable arrogance—"if a poor man gets in his way he will kick the man off the sidewalk I mean literally kick him, with his boots

On this trip the Minister of Agriculture Dr Abdel Razzak Sidky used almost the same words to describe the former political situation

"You don t understand how the big landowners used to dominate our elections A peasant didn t need to do anything it was enough if the landowner thought he had done something the landowner didn t like A gang of armed men would be sent to tear the man s house down sometimes while he and his family were still in it You can imagine how many peasants dared to vote against the landlord s wishes

Simply by abolishing such things as prince and pasha and bey and giving everyone a nominal equality before the law Naguib seems to have swept this away for the time being Whether he can make the change permanent remains to be seen On Liberation Day I saw one small incident which seemed to illustrate both the change that has taken place and the ease with which the old conditions could be resumed

The crowd was unruly in Liberation Square kept pressing against the police lines with enough violence to make the individual policemen look angry and scared One cop lost his temper and began to slap a large ragged boy who didn t especially persistent A police officer ran over he rebuked the constable talked to the boy and finally shamed him to do what he wanted to do which was to go up to the dais, shake hands with President Naguib and kiss him on both cheeks But the incident reminded my onlooker how natural it seemed to a policeman to beat up a citizen and to a mob to defy the police. If the same mob had been moved by anger instead of enthusiasm the scene would have been quite different

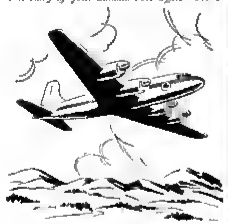
For the moment though juridical equality seems to have been established and the people have a new pride and dignity and cheerfulness that even the newest newcomer can see Other changes, equally pressing, will be more difficult

Naguib and his young men have attempted to solve dozens of these problems at once on paper They have tried to control prices, regulate currency stimulate investment, reclaim





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desert land, prospect for minerals and filter the sewage out of the drinking water in Egyptian villages, all by fiat. In their first eight months of power they passed eight hundred laws and six hundred regulatory decrees or an average of nearly six statutes a day. How many of them have had any practical effect is an open question.

Most observers appear to agree that the task of the new regime as it has lived reform to by which it hopes to abolish the Egyptian feudal system. Over the next five years the big estates which maintained a handful of land barons in fabulous wealth, are to be broken up and sold to the peasants who actually farm them. No one is to be allowed to own more than two hundred acres of farm land; the surplus is to be distributed in five-acre lots to the landless. Pending expropriation at a fixed price the big landowner may now charge only a fixed rent, which in most cases about half of what he had been extracting from the peasants.

I saw the first distribution of these land titles, handed out by President Nagueb himself on Liberation Day, and it was a moving sight to see the faces of these poor farmers who at last were to own farms of their own. However, my rich man in Egypt can produce figures to prove that when land reform is completed (and that won't be for five years) it will still affect only about ten percent of the agricultural population.

Official figures also prove that the landless farm worker ill-paid and ill-fed and ill-housed as he is does rather better than the city worker who labors over more hours each week for even less money.

Disease a Political Problem

A typical family income in Egypt is about two hundred dollars a year, and prices are about as high as they are here—the basic food is wheat, and this year Egypt is buying relief Canadian wheat at Canadian prices. It is true of course that the Egyptian can live on less. he needs no fuel to heat his mud hut which he built himself, and he can and does get on with one garment often a flannelette nightshirt. His diet averages twenty three hundred calories a day, which is just about subsistence level.

Moreover his general health level is wretched. Three quarters of all Egyptians engaged in agriculture have bilharzia, a debilitating parasitic disease which they contract by wading in their irrigation ditches. No really feasible method of controlling bilharzia has been devised to abolish the Egyptian suffer from the usual diseases endemic in a country where the drinking water is dipped out of the same irrigation canal which is the community's only sewer.

Even accepting the Nagueb regime as completely sincere and all its professions of concern with the people's welfare as genuine, it is still a grave question whether they can relieve the frightful burden of misery and poverty and disease. Many people even sympathetic people, think they will fail. The Revolutionary Council itself admits that the first effect of land reform will probably be a slight drop in the aggregate of production. Egyptian landlord was a pretty reckless character but he did at least provide the credit whereby the peasant got seed and fertilizer. This economic function has now been taken over by co-operatives which are still being organized.

Some observers gloomily predict that when the hopes of the poor go unfulfilled and they remain hungry and ragged and ill as they have been for centuries, they will turn against Nagueb and let his enemies overthrow the republic. Others think the enthusiasm generated by the very gestures of the new regime, the abolition of titles and the attempt at land reform will give it an amount of popular positive power that will carry it through.

But to either case the British and Americans in Cairo seem agreed that the best policy for the West is to deal with General Nagueb's Government because, they all admit, the only possible alternatives seem a great deal worse. Nagueb is at least attempting to clean up the mess of corruption, bribery, graft and incompetence that made the last years of King Farouk's reign a nightmare.

Aside from the human fact that Nagueb is attempting to do things for the Egyptian people which obviously ought to be done, there is the political fact of Suez. Agreement on that vital question may be difficult with Nagueb, but it can hardly be less difficult with any probable successor.

The British point out, for example that they have at least achieved agreement on the most fundamental question of all, namely that there should be a military base at Suez. This was by no means a foregone conclusion. There are plenty of isolationists in Egypt who argue that the base ought to be abolished entirely, and its two hundred million pounds worth of military installations destroyed. Suez is the only target, they argue, which world river indirect the Soviet Union to attack Egypt, remove Suez and Egypt could be safely neutral. This isolationist fortion has been ignored by Nagueb and his council so far.

Egypt has also agreed to a second fundamental point that the base should be maintained in full working order. In practice this means British technicians, several thousand of them, because Egypt has not yet enough skilled men to keep such a huge project going. Presumably these technicians would be under nominal Egyptian command but they would also necessarily have some responsibility to the government and parliament of Britain. There is no agreement yet on how many of these technicians should be returned, but the British anticipate no great difficulty in settling the matter.

The real difficulty, the core and kernel of the whole argument is the right of full re-entry for British and American forces in time of emergency. The British say, and American military men emphatically agree that the Suez base cannot be given up or even rendered doubtful if we expect to be able to meet a Russian attack on the Middle East. Troops wouldn't have to be there all the time (they might for example, be stationed in Libya under the terms of a new mutual aid treaty just negotiated) but they would have to be sure of access to the base when they need it.

That's where the negotiations seem to be stuck.

"The real trouble," said a well informed American in Cairo, "is that we on our side have nothing to offer them that's better than what they've got. The British talk about the concessions they're willing to make, and it's true they'll come a long way back from the terms of the present treaty. But that treaty has only three more years to run. After 1956 the British will have no title there at all. The Egyptians needn't do anything but wait, and they can get all that they're yelling for now in the Suez."

Maybe that is the real nub of the problem: to find something to offer which is better than what they've got. With a country as desperately poor, and facing as many desperate human problems that shouldn't be impossible. ★



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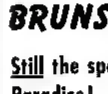


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Backstage In Egypt

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

and privileged—which finally boiled up in the riots and massacre of Jan. 26, 1952 when the Guardian Trade Commissioner Joseph Hoyer was among those murdered by the mob. "You could feel hatred in every single fiber in the aggressive servility with which the stronger was treated, the thinly veiled threat with which ragged street boys offered to watch your car—if you parked it for half an hour.

This time I had a different experience. On Liberation Day, the first anniversary of the military revolt that chased King Farouk off his throne and dispossessed the feudal landowners, the crowd in Liberation Square must have numbered more than a million. About halfway through the two-and-a-half hour program of celebrations I thought I'd try to find out what it all looked like from the crowd's viewpoint. I slipped out through the back of the visitors enclosure, wriggled through a cordon of policemen and stepped out into the throng.

I found they couldn't see a thing; they'd been standing for hours in a blazing sun (it was ninety-seven in the shade that day) to look at the backs of each other's necks. Moreover no individual in the mob could move in any direction of his own free will—I was swept back and forth like a trash in a heavy surf. Most of the people around me were barefoot. I kept tramping on their toes with my number twelve brogues. If ever a crowd had a good excuse for turning on a foreigner that crowd had—and I was the foreigner.

Nobody so much as looked unfriendly. They were all smiling—at me and at each other. They didn't seem to mind that they couldn't see the parade. They were out celebrating the birthday of the Egyptian Republic, and apparently they were content merely to know it had arrived.

RIDING on a tram from the suburb of Heliopolis where we were staying, to downtown Cairo I fell to chatting with the strap-hanger beside me. He could see from the documents in my hand that I was one of the eighty odd visiting reporters, so he asked what country I came from. I said Canada.

"I am going to Canada next month," he said—as an immigrant. I hope to establish myself in Toronto.

There are five or six emigrants from Egypt to Canada in a normal year, so the odds against my meeting one were approximately five million to one. The coincidence seemed enough to warrant a further acquaintance—I asked my prospective compatriot to have dinner with me but he insisted that I should come and dine with him and his wife at their home. I did the following evening.

They were young people and they had always been well-to-do. His father was a rich landowner who'd had the foresight to sell all his lands before the agrarian reform which has now broken up the big estates and wiped out the fabulous wealth of the feudal landlords. The young couple lived in a large flat in an apartment house which his father owned. They had a two-month-old son, but the wife was assisted by three full time servants living in, as well as by a cleaning woman who came in once a week.

In Toronto he intends to be a salesman—has a job already lined up which will pay a basic salary plus commission. It won't be a poor man's income but it won't provide even the shareowner once a week lot close the three resident servants. I pointed this out.

Maybe I should be a farmer instead, he said. I have had more experience in that line here in Egypt than I have formed for ten years.

Did he mean farming, or supervising a farm?

Oh supervising, he said in a stilted tone. I tell other people what to do. I never have actually touched a tool myself."

I told him Canadian farmers did their own farming and he'd be better off to stick to his original plan and be a salesman. But I asked why he had decided to leave Egypt at all? Canada was a fine country but if he couldn't bring his money out of Egypt (and he couldn't) then he couldn't expect to have such a standard of living anywhere else.

"I have two brothers in Canada already," he said as we knew what it will be like. We know it will be very hard at first since we can't take practically no capital with us.

"But I think there is no more opportunity here for people like me. Our class is finished in Egypt. Perhaps it will last my own time—perhaps I myself would be better off to remain here and live on my father's money. But I am certain that for my little boy life will be better in Canada. ★

EQUAL RIGHTS

The problem of a garden's not
Which flowers to grow, but who does what?
Who weeds, who mows the grasses down?
Who wishes he were back in town?

Who struggles with the tufted grass, weeping?
Who listlessly observes it creeping?
Who sows, who tends the plants that bloom?
Who speaks sarcastically to whom?

Agreements should be made in spring
To share the work, lest fall should bring
The knowledge nothing's grown with pride
Except a coolness on each side.

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13

PARADE

FOR years traffic in one section of downtown Calgary had been plagued by a railway line which cut across a main street Finally the city built an underpass and an official motorcade rumbled triumphantly under the line on opening day The procession was just swinging around preparing for a return run when the officials were stopped cold for fifteen minutes by an engine shunting on a tiny forgotten spur line— still at street level

• • •

A new Canadian who appeared at the admitting entrance of a Hamilton, Ont., hospital couldn't speak much English, but officials on duty questioned him, filled out forms and were taking him to a bed in one of the wards before an interpreter arrived to explain that the man wasn't sick—he just wanted to visit his wife and their new baby.

• • •

Proceedings in a Brantford, Ont., court were held up for several minutes while the bailiff called the name of a defendant There was no answer and the magistrate was about to issue instructions to serve a bench warrant when a telegram arrived from the absentee: UNABLE TO APPEAR IN COURT TODAY AM IN JAIL IN BUFFALO

• • •

A Toronto observer reports evidence of a certain leveling of classes in the grand Queen City Last week he watched an impressive black Rolls Royce pull up outside the Royal York. He hung around hoping to see the uniformed chauffeur spring



out and escort a dignified employer from the hotel Instead the chauffeur leaned nonchalantly on the horn his passenger scurried out and climbed aboard...and the Rolls moved silently away

• • •

In Calgary, a radio announcer reporting a parade neglected to explain that he was viewing the scene from an elevated stand

There were raised eyebrows among his more strait laced listeners when he hiccoughed in the middle of a sentence then remarked a moment later, 'Sorry, but we're a bit high and can't give you a clear description of this part of the parade'

A grizzled prospector, veteran of many northern Canada boom towns, finally made a big strike and took a trip to Montreal—his first 'outside' trip in many years There he was entertained by promoters who took him on a whirlwind tour of the city. Finally they reached the top of Mount Royal. The old miner studied the city spread out before him.. then announced his decision 'Boys, she looks to me like a permanent camp.''

• • •

When a traffic policeman halted a noisy wedding procession on a St Catharines, Ont., main street, pedestrians crowded around expectantly to watch the rumpus.



But the cop merely strode to the lead car, leaned inside for a minute returned to the curb and waved the party on with a wide grin He'd just claimed a kiss from the bride.

• • •

A diamond drill crew at Uranium City, Sask., was moving the drilling rig from a completed hole to a new location a couple of hundred yards away It was hot and the men soon broke off for a smoke But one new crewman, eager to make a good impression doggedly kept on lugging the heavy lengths of drill steel

Finally the foreman took pity on him and called good naturedly "Come on, take five."

The driller stared incredulously threw down the four pipe lengths he was carrying and stalked off the job

• • •

At the Crystal Beach Ont., amusement park a policeman hailed a woman who was walking around with a worried searching air "I'm looking for a parking lot" she explained "Where's your car?" said the helpful cop

"Oh, it's parked" she said "It's just that I can't remember where I put it."

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene No contributions can be returned. Address Parade c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto



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